THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JOHN HOLLAND.

I mourn not that the happy hours
Of youth are fled and gone;
Nor do I mourn because I'm left
In this wide world alone.
I mourn not that my bosom friend
Is numbered with the dead,
Nor do I mourn for happiness
That years ago has fled.

I mourn not that in solitude
A wanderer I must be,
With none to dry the falling tear,
Or soothe my misery.
I mourn not for my wasted wealth,
That vanished like the dew,
Nor for false friends that long ago
Have proved themselves untrue.

I mourn not that my orphan babe
Is doom'd this world to roam,
Without a father's heritage,
Or place to call its home.
The smile of scorn I still could bear,
The world's cold thought I'd brave—
But mourn I must whene'er I think
He fills the drunkard's grave.

Brandywine, Feb. 10th, 1847.

TO LITTLE NELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Call me sweet names, dearest, call me a bird."
"Little Nell."

I'll call thee all, my "Little Nell,"
All that love's honied words can tell;
My warbling *bird*, whose fairest strain
Calls back the wand'ring heart again.
I'll call thee too my budding *flower*,
Filling life's darkened, gloomy bower
With odors heavenly and sweet,
Like th' Euxine, where each even meet
The spicy zephyrs from afar.
I'll call thee, Nell, my guiding *star*,
Burning nightly in the dark blue sky,
Bright emblem of thy purity!
I'll call thee, Nell, my *dearest one*,
My light, my day, my glowing sun,
My heart, my breath, my very life—
Nell! shall I ever call thee—*wife*?

A. M. H.

Original Sketch.

OLD FRIENDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," &c., &c.

"What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out to the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light!"
Moore's Melodies.

"There's an old lady and gentleman in the parlor, mamma, who want to see you," said Caroline Dalton to her mother.

"Why did you not say I was engaged, as I desired you, Caroline?" said Mrs. Dalton, with some vexation.

"I did, mamma," replied Caroline, "but they seemed so disappointed, and asked at what time they could see you, that I thought if you were not very busy you had better see them now."

"But I am very busy," continued Mrs. Dalton, impatiently. "Besides, I am not dressed," she said, glancing at the looking glass and settling her cap.

"You need not dress to see *them*," said Caroline, carelessly. "However, when shall I tell them to call again?"

"Does this cap look well enough?" inquired her mother, half hesitatingly.

"Plenty," replied the daughter, who did not see that either the cap or the company were matters of much importance; and Mrs. Dalton, after giving her dress a shake and her cap an additional twitch, descended to the drawing room to receive her visitors.

"My dear friend!" exclaimed the stranger, as she advanced to meet Mrs. Dalton, and then added, as the other gazed at her with a doubtful, bewildered expression,

"You don't know me. Surely you have not forgotten Fanny Bolton?"

"Fanny Bolton!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton, in a tone of unusual excitement; and then the warmest mutual greetings took place, and Mr. Dalton was sent for. And the joy of the old friends all around seemed so great, that Caroline wondered in her own mind who they could be, and how it happened that she had never heard of these dear friends before.

"And how well you are looking, Hannah!" resumed Mrs. Bolton, presently. "I should have known you any where. I do not see that you are changed at all. You look as young as the day you married," which remark rather amused Caroline, who thought that her mother could not have been the most blooming or freshest of brides if that observation was true; but Mrs. Dalton evidently saw nothing so very amusing in the idea, for she only smiled and replied, as if accounting for a fact that might very well be,

"My health has been excellent, and that is a great point, you know."

"Oh! every thing," answered the other, and then the two old ladies seemed both fully to concur in opinion that Time had little to do with such changes, unless helped on by sorrow or sickness. And after settling to their mutual satisfaction the fact of their unaltered looks and perpetual youth, they proceeded to inquire into each other's family matters, their number of children, &c., when Caroline was again called forward and introduced by her mother, who seemed rather surprised and a little mortified that her daughter did not appear as overjoyed to meet the old friend she had never seen before as herself, while Mrs. Bolton gazed at her smilingly and said,

"She is wonderfully like you, Hannah," and strange it is how we forget Time; but do you know my first feeling as I entered the room was that your daughter was yourself; and I was upon the point of embracing her, when her cold look of surprise recalled me to myself. And that little one yonder is your youngest, I suppose?"

"That is my eldest grand child," replied Mrs. Dalton, as she called the girl towards her.

"Your grand-child? Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Bolton, in tones of unfeigned amazement. "How time flies. And let me see, you were married some years after I was."

"Just three," replied Mrs. Dalton. "You were married about the same time as sister Hetty, in '95, I in '98."

"Was it so early as that?" replied Mrs. Bolton; "I thought it was later. The first few years of one's married life appear so long and the others so short! My grand-children seem to have grown up very naturally around me, but to see yours, strikes me strangely. If it were not for these young people about us, we should scarce realize the lapse of years. And how is your sister Hetty?" continued Mrs. Bolton, with much interest. "How does she look?"

"You will find Hetty sadly changed," answered Mrs. Dalton. "Her health has been poor, and she has had a good many trials. Hetty is broke. She looks old;" on which Caroline could not help smiling as she said in a low voice to her friend Kate Lewis, "Why, what does mamma mean? Aunt Hetty is old."

"And where is Susan Colden?" continued Mrs Bolton. "I have lost sight of her for some years."

"She is living in the city," answered Mrs. Dalton. "She looks as well as ever. She is a wonderful looking woman. She has not lost a tooth, and wears her own hair."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Bolton, in tones of the utmost surprise and interest; and to have heard the old ladies talk, one would have thought teeth and hair, the rarest of earthly possessions, and then followed questions and answers, and long histories of people, that to Caroline seemed endless; for Mrs. Bolton living in a retired part of the State had a curiosity and interest in her early friends and all their concerns which bore the fresh stamp of the country, and which was not to be satisfied by general answers; and in fact Mrs. Dalton appeared to take as much pleasure in communicating information as did her friend in receiving it.

To the young girls who sat netting and chatting at a distant part of the room, the occasional snatches of conversation that reached their ears, between the pauses in their own, were highly diverting, Mrs. Bolton asking after what seemed to them such old, *old* people, and when Mrs. Dalton asked in a tone of great interest and sympathy after an elder sister of Mrs. Bolton, who, it seemed, had been dead some years, their merriment reached its climax, for Mrs. Bolton appeared quite shocked, and Mrs. Dalton much embarrassed as she endeavored to account for having forgotten a fact which really had quite affected her at the time. But such is the tide of city life, that memory can scarce register anything beyond the circle of family and familiar events that are constantly pressing on the heart and mind.

Meantime Mr. Dalton was discussing with Mr. Bolton the changes years had effected in the progress of both country and town, the state of politics, and public funds, with an occasional digression to mutual friends, as from time to time they caught a name from the lips of one of their wives; but always with this difference, that while the ladies talked of family matters, looks, and feelings, the gentlemen invariably inquired as to their prosperity and fortunes.

"How did Colden succeed in that speculation of his? And Flemming has grown very rich, has he not?" And then followed histories of those who had lost by the bank, and others who had made or ruined themselves by cotton, &c.

"Mrs. Flemming seems to have had a singularly happy fate," remarked Mrs. Bolton. "Fortune seems to have smiled upon her in every aspect."

There was a something almost complaining in her tone, that seemed to intimate that her old friend had had more than her share of blessings, for on Mrs. Dalton's answering,

"Yes—she has been in many respects a very prosperous woman, but she has had her trials too." Mrs. Bolton's interest deepened; and her voice grew more cheerful as she said, "Indeed," and thereupon followed a low murmuring conversation, which seemed to give both ladies much satisfaction; but in what consisted the peculiar trials of their rich friend, did not reach the ears of the young party at the other end of the room.

And then the children of the old set were discussed, and it was agreed on both sides that none of the daughters were as handsome as their mothers had been, and none of the sons would ever equal what their fathers were now; and certainly a recording angel would have come to the conclusion that the human race was fast deteriorating, had not the same observations been made from the time of Adam down.

Mr. Bolton now asked for some directions and information, for which Mr. Dalton was obliged to refer to his daughter Caroline, who answered promptly; and as it seemed to her young friend, clearly; but Mr. Bolton looked puzzled for a moment, and then very slowly repeated one of his questions, whereupon her father said somewhat impatiently,

"Don't speak so fast, Caroline," and turning to his friend he continued,

"The young people now a days clip their words so that there is no understanding them." Mrs. Dalton very innocently observed that "it was very remarkable, but she remembered hearing her father-in-law say the same thing when she first married, but she thought the present generation talked even faster now than they had done then; for she did not pretend to understand when two or three of them got talking together," and it never entered the heads of any of the party that their ears were not quite as quick as their tongues had once been, nor that their comprehension was not quite as rapid as their children's conversation.

But if Homer makes even old Nestor talk of "these degenerate days," what wonder that in the present times the race not being "wiser than the children of light," do not escape animadversion.

And now the old people rose, and after having named an early day to pass with their friends, took their leave.

"Why did you not tell me, Caroline," said Mrs. Dalton, after her guests had left her, "who it was that wished to see me? I would have put on my new cap and a fresh collar."

"I did not know who they were," replied Caroline. "And besides what difference does it make? You look well enough."

What difference does it make, Miss Caroline? You will know, perhaps, some forty years hence, when Kate Lewis calls to see you, after an interval of twenty-five years, and then you will find that it takes you twice as long to settle your frisette and cap, as it now does to twine your glossy ringlets around your taper fingers, nor will you even then be satisfied that you look "well enough."

"Who were they, mamma?" continued Caroline.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bolton. She was Fanny Livingston, one of my earliest friends. Her family lived near mine when we were girls. I suppose it must be five-and-twenty years since we met. I was very glad to see her, though it is long since I thought of her. She is looking wonderfully well, scarce changed at all. She was your Aunt Hetty's bridesmaid," continued Mrs. Dalton, warming with her theme, "and a mighty pretty creature she was. Your Uncle Tom was desperately in love with her."

"Then, mamma," rejoined Caroline, laughing, "she must be changed since those days for, I vow, Uncle Tom would not be in love with her now."

"Perhaps not," replied her mother, smiling, "but she retains her looks wonderfully."

"Maybe, mamma," answered Caroline, "though she is certainly very far from being a 'pretty creature.' I think, however, that she is rather a nice looking old lady."

"A nice looking old lady, Caroline!" repeated her mother. "Why how old do you take Mrs. Bolton to be?"

"Oh, I think she must be as old as you are, mamma, or maybe older. About fifty or fifty-five."

"Does she look fifty to you?" inquired Mrs. Dalton, with some surprise, struck to see the impression her friend had made to the young eyes of her daughter. "Let me see——yes I suppose she must be that and upwards. But to me her face recalled so vividly the almost forgotten recollections of the Fanny Livingston she was then, that the present faded in the past, and she almost looked the same."

"Kate," continued Caroline, turning to her young companion, as her mother left the room, "I wonder whether thirty years hence, you and I will imagine we look just as young as we do now."

"It will be a great comfort if we can, Caroline," returned the other, laughing.

"I declare," continued Caroline, "I think it must be one of God's providences that we grow not only used to ourselves, but used to each other. To be old, with young eyes, would be, I suppose, hard indeed."

"Well, good morning, replied Kate, gaily, "and since we are always to look young, may you, as the Persians say, 'live a thousand years.'"

Selected Tale.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

OLD MAIDS.

Or, Kate Wilson's Morning Visit.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.
Wordsworth.

"I have just been visiting Miss Agnes Lincoln," said my young friend Kate Wilson to me one morning. "Truly, Miss Enna, she is the most charming woman I have ever known—always excepting, of course, your own dear self. Though no longer young, she is still beautiful—intelligent, clever, without the slightest tinge of pedantry, gentle and loveable. Why is it that she has never married? She has been a devoted daughter and sister; I have always felt surprise and regret that she should not have been a wife."

The tone of voice told the regret which those words expressed, and caused me to smile as I looked at my bright-eyed friend, who, being on the eve of marriage herself with one she loved very dearly, thought, of course, the married state the only true vocation for a woman.

"But, Kate," I replied, "Agnes Lincoln has always had duties sufficient to employ her in her home circle—her heart has been too much occupied with providing for the comfort of her brothers and sisters, and nursing a poor invalid mother, to go out on voyages, in order to seek a fellow heart, or to attend to the said fellow heart, should it come wooing. Only unoccupied, free-from-care bodies, like your sweet self, can find time to fall in love and marry—"

"Nonsense!" said the blushing Kate, "do not tease me with such *badinage*. I wish you would tell me Miss Lincoln's history—romantic I have already determined it is—for those deep, dark eyes of hers give evidences, by their bright flashings at times, of the existence of a fount of passion, which, I am sure, must have welled up and bubbled over at some period of her life. You have known her intimately from girlhood, Miss Duval, come, tell me the tale. See, it is the very time for a long story, we are certain of being alone, no stupid visiters will interrupt us, for those threatening, overhanging clouds are already beginning to let down their watery contents—the fire snaps and sparkles in a most sociable manner, and I will spend the whole day with you in this cheery little room of yours."

Accordingly she threw aside her bonnet and shawl—pushed what she called "the troublesome desk, and still more wearying work-basket," away from me, then throwing herself on a low ottoman beside me, looked most persuasively into my face for the web of romance she was determined I should weave, and with the air of one determined not to be denied.

"Do you deserve, Kate," I said, "that I should entertain you, when you seem to think so slightingly of the mission of my sisterhood? Saucy girl! are old maids always to be regarded by such sparkling, merry witches, like yourself, as leading lives useless to man and womankind?"

"No, no, dear Miss Enna," exclaimed the lovely girl, as she gathered her graceful limbs on her favorite seat beside me, in order to make her dear little luxurious form still more comfortable, gazing into my face with her bright dancing eyes, and holding my hands caressingly, "Heaven knows, I have had need to bless the sisterhood, for what would I have been without such a dear, good, kind—" I stopped her rosy flattering lips with my hand, and yielded to her request. Kate Wilson promised to be lenient, should my story have less of interest and romance in it than she expected—will you, my dear reader, be as merciful and indulgent?

As Kate said, I had known Agnes Lincoln from girlhood—yes, babyhood—for we had been introduced by our proud, happy mothers to each other in our first long dresses, and had taken infinite delight, so our nurses had said, in tearing the blue and pink cockades off of each other's caps. We were always warm friends; went to the same schools, and, as our parents were intimate, when we grew up visited in the same circles. Agnes' father was the senior member of one of the most opulent firms in the city—his wealth was said to be immense, and truly they lived in a style of princely magnificence. She was the eldest of several children. The three next to her died in infancy, which made quite a difference between her and the other children in point of age. Her mother was a woman of exceedingly delicate frame, and sickness and the distress she had suffered on losing her children, weakened still more a mind never very strong. I always remember her as an invalid—surrounded by every luxury wealth could purchase; possessing a doting husband and a family of noble children; yet always repining and melancholy.

Agnes had been educated by her father with exceeding great care, and as she grew up was a most agreeable companion for him. He accompanied her into society; they studied, rode, drove and walked together; indeed one could rarely see them apart. How proud was he of her, and he lavished every costly gift upon her with an unsparing hand. She was beautiful—a tall, splendid looking creature—a fine, erect figure, with the bearing of a queen, and a head fitted for a Zenobia—but the classic severity of her features was softened by the most melting, lovely eyes, and the gentle melodious tones of her voice were bewitching. Beautiful, rich and young, of course Agnes Lincoln was a belle. She had been full two years in society, and to the surprise of her friends she was still disengaged. "I shall never marry, Enna," she would say to me, in answer to my playful reproaches upon her want of susceptibility—"how could my poor mother or lonely father spare me?" and at last I began to think, as many others did, that Agnes was one of those born to a life of "single blessedness," when

"Lo! the troubled joy of life,
Love's lightening happiness,"

became known to her. Agnes' choice surprised us all. Evart Berkely was a young merchant reputed wealthy, but not at all agreeable or pleasing to my fancy. He was handsome and tolerably intelligent—had been well educated and had travelled abroad, bringing with him from his travels various "foreign airs and graces," which did not improve his agreeability to my taste. He was certainly much inferior to Agnes in point of intellect; but she loved him nevertheless. I always thought him a cold, calculating man, and the passionate love he expressed for my beautiful friend seemed so unnatural, falling from his cold unexpressive lips. Mr. Lincoln was at first as much dissatisfied and surprised at Agnes' choice as the rest of her friends; but when he discovered how completely her whole heart was given up to this infatuation, as he could make no serious objection to the gentleman, he quickly quitted all expressions of disapprobation, and only stipulated that their engagement should be a long one, pleading his wife's health and his own lonely state as excuses. The lover, of course, was impatient at these obstacles, but Agnes, always alive to her father's happiness, steadily refused to shorten the period of two years, decided upon by her father. Evart was a devoted lover, and seemed to exist only in the presence of his mistress, and dear Agnes was so supremely happy—I fancifully imagined her beauty increased under this new influence of love.

She had been engaged to Evart Berkely about a year, when one evening we all met at Mr. Lincoln's on our way to a gay private ball. I had always gone into society with Agnes and Mr. Lincoln; for my mother dying while I was quite a young girl, my father had been so deeply affected by her death—as she had been to him companion, guide and comforter—that he avoided all society, and sought consolation in close application to his profession. He had been from boyhood on the closest terms of intimacy with Mr. Lincoln, and willingly consented that I should accompany Agnes on her entrance into society, under Mr Lincoln's care. Accordingly, on the night I allude to, I had been driven to Mr. Lincoln's, that I might be one of their party. I particularize this one evening, for it was the most eventful night of Agnes' life—the turning point in her existence. Events occurred on that night which gave the stamp and impress to her future. I remember thinking, as I looked upon her, after the completion of her toilette, that I had never seen her so magnificently beautiful. Her father and lover were rather gorgeous in their tastes, and to please them Agnes always dressed with more splendor than accorded with her own fancy; but the peculiar style of her beauty was well suited to this manner of dressing. Her tall, full form could well bear the heavy folds of rich drapery that always swept around her, and the brilliant jewels that gleamed and flashed in her dark hair, and on her snowy throat and arms, were admitted by even the most fastidious to be in good taste. She was the daughter of a reputed millionaire, beautiful and noble-looking—costly garments and rich gems seemed well-fitted for her. It was a grand ball we were going to, and after spending the accustomed half hour in Mr. Lincoln's library, he gave us into Evart Berkely's charge. Agnes entreated her father to accompany her with more than her customary earnestness; but he pleaded indolence, and laughingly reminded her that her lover's presence should be sufficient. I could not account for the tinge of sadness that gloomed over her features; and when Evart and I rallied her on her absence of mind, during our drive to the ball, she frankly confessed her feelings were unaccountable, and said she had been suffering all day from a vague, indefinable sense of approaching evil. We cheered her, and attributed her feelings to nervousness; what evil could one so prosperous and happy have to fear?

As usual, she was the centre of attraction, and crowds followed her. Evart hovered around her incessantly, and her quiet, happy looks, as she received his attentions, so openly offered, were to me most fascinating. Her sadness and home yearnings seemed to melt before the bright light of the ball-room, and the merry laughter and gay looks of her friends, put to flight all gloomy thoughts. I thought I had never heard her voice so melodious, her laugh more buoyant, nor her dancing so graceful; she appeared as the embodiment of happiness. During the course of the evening, I was standing alone by a window, in a recess, that opened into a conservatory, almost, if not quite, hidden by the folds of the drapery, enjoying, in a sort of dreamy state, the rich odors of the flowers, and the bewitching strains of the music. The movements of the crowd brought two old gentlemen directly in front of me, in such a manner that I could not have moved if I had wished from my hiding place.

"Hugh Lincoln's daughter is a beautiful creature," said one to the other.

"She is, indeed," replied the friend, "and she dresses like a Sultana—look at her magnificent gems, and gorgeous clothing. Hugh Lincoln has been a fortunate man, and his daughter will be a rich wife for the one that marries her."

"May be so, and may be not," said the first speaker, "one cannot tell how a man's estate may turn out while still engaged in business. Hugh Lincoln has been a bold, daring merchant; he always incurs fearful risks, and although he has hitherto been fortunate, one turning of luck may sweep all his grandeur from him—for he perils all on every great speculation."

"She is engaged," said the friend, "to young Berkely, who is so constantly with her. He is a shrewd, calculating fellow; one might feel certain of Hugh Lincoln's wealth by the mere knowledge of that engagement."

A movement of the crowd took place, and the two worldly old croakers, as I deemed them, passed away. I kept my place, and my thoughts were filled with Agnes and her future. Vague forebodings pressed upon me, and all my old dislike and distrust of Evart returned to me. Low, passionate murmurings of love came next upon my ear. Evart and Agnes stood beside me with the heavy folds of the curtain between us, and I became again an unintentional listener. Evart poured out the most fervent expressions of love—he besought my friend to delay their wedding no longer.

"Think, my idolized one," he murmured, "how long has been my probation already."

"No, no, Evart," replied Agnes, steadily, "do not urge me. My father, who, from my earliest recollection has been devoted to my happiness, asks me to delay my marriage. I will not act against his wishes. It would be but a poor promise for our future happiness were I to be thus regardless of my father's comfort. Adel is too young to supply my place to him for a year or two yet. We are together constantly, and a year will soon pass around."

"And the coming year may see you wedded to another," exclaimed her lover, passionately.

"Evart," said Agnes, reproachfully, "have I not promised to be your wife?"

"But, Agnes," replied Evart, in hurried words, "suppose sorrow were to overtake me—men in business are daily exposed to ruin—what then could I depend on? Your father would never consent to your marriage with a bankrupt; and to my troubles would be added the fearful necessity of yielding you up forever."

"Say not so, dear Evart," replied Agnes, in earnest, loving tones; "in the hour of trouble you would be dearer to me, if possible, than now. I have promised to be your wife—I hold that promise sacred, believe me; and moreover, I know my father's generous nature too well to think as you do—in misfortune he would be kinder to you than in prosperity. But why talk of misfortune—are there any clouds on your business horizon? Come, tell me your troubles, and if you are, indeed, on the eve of bankruptcy, which Heaven avert, seek advice from my father; never fear, Evart, he will willingly assist you; and if it would lighten your heart in the midst of such affliction, I would be your wife instantly; in such a case, my father would no longer object—you would need the consoling society of a wife more than he would need his daughter;" and Agnes' face wore a look of mingled affection and anxiety as she took his hand.

"Truly," exclaimed Evart, laughing, "I have half a mind to declare myself a bankrupt, if it would have that effect. But do not look so anxiously, my blessed one—my affairs are in a most prosperous condition. I was wrong to alarm you, yet it proved to me your love, dearest, which, indeed, I sometimes am weak enough to doubt. I torment myself with a thousand fancies. You are so beautiful, Agnes, so superior—I so unworthy of you, that I am always fearing a change in your feelings."

"Now that is really unkind, Evart," was Agnes' reproachful answer; "am I prone to changing—who have I ever loved but you? You should not be thus suspicious, or you will make me fearful of change, not in myself, but in you."

Then followed from Evart the most fervent, passionate declarations, which were interrupted by the approach of some friends, who came to seek their assistance in forming a favorite dance; and I escaped from my hiding-place. I was so intimate with Agnes—her second self, as she playfully called me—that I felt no annoyance at having been forced to play the listener to her love scene; on the contrary, congratulated myself that no stranger, or mere acquaintance, had been in my place. I descended from the steps of the window into the conservatory, and spent a full hour in examining the beautiful plants—imagining myself in fairy land. The pure, beautiful light shed from the alabaster vases, which, containing lamps, were placed in different parts of the conservatory; the bewitching tones of music that came sweeping from the ball-room, and the soft night air that poured in from the open, outer windows, all heightened the illusion, and I fancied I was listening to the divine spirit-melody of the flower-sylphs, and inhaling their balmy atmosphere. How every moment of that night is impressed upon my memory; every word, every change of feeling—all were treasured up.

I was roused from my delicious reveries by Agnes and Evart, who came to announce to me it was time to retire. "As usual," said Agnes, tenderly putting her arm around me, "I find you dreaming waking visions among the flowers. I fear my sad thoughts, dear Enna, have flown to you. I was so full of vague forebodings, when I left home, and now they have all vanished. I am as happy and light-hearted as I have ever been in my life; everything around me seems to wear a fairy, Heavenly hue."

Thus she chatted away during our drive home. We bade her good night at Mr. Lincoln's door, and the carriage drove away, bearing us to our own homes—one short half-hour after, and the same carriage bore me back again to that house in deep affliction. Agnes, after bidding us good night, entered the hall, and was proceeding up the staircase to her own room, when, as she passed the library, she saw the library light still burning, which was to her a notice of her father's waiting up for her return. She entered with a light heart and a merry song. Her father was seated in his chair, leaning his head forward on his reading-desk, apparently asleep. She bent over him to awaken him by gentle caresses, but ere her lips touched his brow, the expression of his face startled her. She gave one long, searching look, then uttered a piercing shriek of agony, which startled the whole house. He was dead. There, in that solitary room, his spirit had taken flight, alone, without daughter or friend beside him to receive his parting words of love. Poor Agnes! with what agony she leaned over him—vainly calling on him to speak to her—to look, if only once more, upon his own Agnes. It was a sad sight—this beautiful girl bending over her dead father—her rich drapery falling heavily around her, and her magnificent hair, which had escaped from the circlet of gems which bound it, swept the ground, making her pale face appear still more pallid, as its heavy, dark masses hung over her fair shoulders. Her earnest, heart-rending appeals were terrifying; not a tear flowed from her dark eyes—they seemed distended with agony; and the physicians who had been hastily summoned feared that the shock would deprive her of reason, if not of life. I at last succeeded in leading her away from her father, and, exhausted by her intense grief, she lay for hours in a heavy stupor.

Every means were resorted to, to restore Mr. Lincoln—but all in vain. The physicians, after an examination, decided that he had labored under an affection of the heart, unconsciously, for some time; that he had been on the brink of the grave for many months, undoubtedly—he, who had seemed so healthy; and this it was which had caused his death, which they thought had taken place some time before Agnes' return, and with little or no suffering, possibly without a consciousness of the approaching fearful change. Poor Agnes! her sufferings were intense, but her naturally strong mind, and strict sense of duty, aided her, when in the morning after the heavy stupor of exhaustion had passed away, the fearful consciousness of her great sorrow arose vividly before her. She recollected there were others to suffer, who were weaker to bear—her poor invalid mother, and fatherless brothers and sisters. She wept long and bitterly, when her eyes opened upon my tearful, anxious face, as I bent over her. I blessed those tears, for I knew they would relieve her. She at last, however, bowed meekly to the burden imposed upon her, and hastened to soothe and comfort her almost heart-broken mother, and the poor startled, weeping children.

Everybody grieved for Mr. Lincoln, for he was much beloved; "but," said the out-of-doors world, "how fortunate are his family, possessing wealth in the midst of their sorrow. Mr Lincoln has left them an immense fortune to comfort them in their affliction," as if money could compensate for the loss of loved ones. Agnes would have gladly toiled for their daily bread to have purchased one look from those eyes closed in death, one accent of love from those cold, livid lips. After the funeral, Mr. Lincoln's will was opened. It was one made three or four years previous to his death; and my father was one of the executors, and sole guardian to the children. This will had been made previous to Agnes' engagement; but in it Mr Lincoln expressed a wish, almost a command, that if ever Agnes married, my father should insist upon having the greater part of her immense fortune settled upon her.

A week or two passed by, when one evening my father returned home from his office, later than usual, and his face wore an anxious, troubled expression. Some case of more than ordinary misery and sadness, I thought, has come before him, in which fate has woven a darker weft of trouble. I hastened to procure for him the soothing cup of tea, which he so much loved, and sat beside his chair, as he silently despatched his light meal, expecting every moment to hear the new tale of human suffering—but I was disappointed; my father drank his tea quietly, and it was not until the tea service was removed, and I seated at my sewing-table beside his large arm-chair, that the good, kind old man broke the silence.

"Enna, my child," he said, in gloomy tones, "poor Agnes Lincoln, her mother, and those fatherless children are penniless."

"Penniless—impossible!" I exclaimed. "I thought Mr. Hugh Lincoln was admitted to be immensely wealthy."

"His immense wealth," said my father, "proves to be a magnificent dream—a shining bubble. He must have been lamentably ignorant of his own affairs, for things have evidently been going wrong for some months past. Such wild, mad cap speculations as the house have engaged in, I am sure my sensible, prudent friend would never have countenanced."

I now understood the allusions of the old gentleman, in the first conversation which I had overheard in the ball room, the night of Mr. Lincoln's fearful death, and I repeated them to my father.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "daring indeed have been their operations, and not only that, but reckless and wild in the extreme. I remember now, although I gave but little heed at the time, noticing in Hugh Lincoln, for some months past, a heavy, growing indolence, as I deemed it. It must have proceeded from his fatal disease, and he has left the affairs of the concern in the hands of the junior partners, who have mismanaged not only wildly but wickedly. Poor fellow! he has been spared the sorrow, but what is to become of the poor invalid widow and orphans? Six little helpless creatures beside Agnes—Adel is not more than fourteen?"

"Scarcely thirteen," I replied.

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed my father, brushing a tear aside. "But we must do all that we can for them. I am a poor man, but what little I have shall be freely shared with Hugh Lincoln's children."

"You forget, my dear father," I said, "that Agnes is engaged to Evart Berkely."

"True," replied my father. "But, Enna, I have very little confidence in him; I only hope Agnes may not love him too dearly, for I very much fear that Evart's love is rather too weak to bear the present news."

"Does he know of the insolvency of the firm?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," said my father, "the mere suspicion of the insolvency of such a firm as Lincoln, Murray & Co., would of course spread like wild fire. I never dreamed of such a thing myself, however, and heard this morning with great surprise, on going to my office, from an old merchant, that it had been rumored for several days. You must break it to Agnes, poor girl."

"You think Evart Berkely knows of it?" I said, after a long silence.

"Oh yes," replied my father, "I met him in company with some other merchants this afternoon, and he spoke of Mr. Lincoln only as he would of any other well-known merchant, and united in self congratulations with some others as to being unaffected, fortunately, by the failure—not at all in the tone of one interested in his family."

The conversation between Agnes and Evart returned to my memory, and I contrasted his feelings with hers—how differently would she have acted had he been overtaken by poverty. "But," said I to myself in the morning, when preparing for my customary visit to Agnes, "it may be but fancy after all—we may be wronging Evart; he did not choose to exhibit his feelings before a crowd of men," and with this consolatory conclusion, I set out on my walk.

I ascended the broad steps of Agnes' noble residence, and passed through the wide hall and up the spacious stair-case, noting the magnificence of the furniture with a sigh. I entered the library, where I was told I would find Agnes. It was a grand, noble room, and in its adornments proved that immense wealth had been guided by the subduing hand of taste. It was lighted from above; the brick-and-mortar world without was completely unknown in that stately room; only the blue sky by day, and the bright stars by night, could be seen. The soft, unworldly light gleamed down on beautiful works of art, rare and costly pieces of sculpture, medals, gems, and here and there alcoves filled with the productions of those whom the intellectual world call Masters.

I paused at the threshold unheard by Agnes, who was writing at an escritoir—my eyes wandered over this intellectual Paradise and then rested upon the Eve. I was struck with the impression of her face; it bore a more beaming, hopeful look than I had seen on it since the night of her father's death. "Poor girl!" I sighed to myself, "how soon is that brilliant expression to be dimmed by the care-clouds of life—not only heart trials, but poverty, privation, and worse than all to your noble spirit—dependence."

I moved forward, but the luxurious carpet told no tales of my foot falls, and my hand rested on her shoulder ere she was aware of my entrance. She looked up, and her eyes were gleaming with tears—not tears of sadness—and a bright flush rested on her hitherto pale cheeks, I looked surprised, and she noting it said in trembling tones,

"Ah! dear Enna, I never valued the possession of wealth before. Read this letter, dearest, while I finish the answer."

I took from her hands an open letter—it was from Evart, written the previous night, announcing anticipated severe and heavy losses, and freeing her from her engagement:—he could not, he said, ask her to wed a penniless man—and after lamenting in a fine round period his unworthiness of her, his misery and wretchedness, concluded with a farewell for ever. After I concluded the note, I felt that my father was right, my hands dropped before me, and for a few moments I felt as in a dream—a spell was over me—I could not tell my poor wronged friend the real truth—at last she broke the silence.

"Ah! Enna," were her words, "I bless Heaven I have enough for both. My share of my poor father's princely fortune will fully cover his losses, and again establish him in life. How unkind and yet how natural is his note—poor Evart! I can fancy his wretchedness when releasing me from my engagement—and he must have known it was useless—but I cannot censure him—even thus would I have acted had the loss of fortune happened to me."

"Would you, dear Agnes?" said I, throwing my arms over her beautiful neck caressingly.

"Indeed would I, Enna," she replied, sadly. "It would have been a hard duty, but steadily would I have performed it."

"Agnes," I said, in low, earnest tones, inwardly imploring for assistance and strength in my painful task, "that duty is required of you. You are the penniless one instead of Evart. He is as prosperous as ever, but you, my poor friend, are bereft of all—but friends."

She gazed wildly at me, then with one low wailing cry of deep agony became insensible. She was laid on her couch, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth so soon to be taken from her, and the heavy stupor that hung over her spirit the bitter hours after her father's death ensued. But I knew her inward strength, and although I could scarcely pray for her recovery to such misery as would be hers, I felt that the helpless ones dependent on her for consolation would, as in the former dark hours sustain her. The heavy clouds passed over, and she at last aroused her suffering broken spirit.

"Where are the letters?" she murmured, in low tones.

"One I destroyed, dearest," I replied—"the other—"

"Destroy it likewise, Enna, and help me to forget. I have others to think of now," and with a quiet look of repressed agony she hastily employed herself in preparing for their future change of circumstances. Evart was never alluded to by any one; and day after day she engaged herself in entering into the investigation of her father's affairs, with the firm, quiet air of a woman of business. The investigation proved only the painful truth—ruin, hopeless ruin stared them in the face—every thing was swept from them. Poor Mrs. Lincoln had seemed overwhelmed with sorrow at her husband's death, but this new grief appeared to her weak, indolent nature still harder to bear, and she helplessly implored to be taken from life.

"For myself, dear Mr. Duval," said my friend, in a calm voice, but the tones of which showed repressed suffering, "I care not—I can endure hardships—but my poor mother, how can she bear the change?"

"You will all come to us, dear Agnes, and we will be as one family," said my kind father, as they at last ended the careful examination of the affairs. "You and Enna have always been as sisters, my poor dead wife loved your mother as a sister. The income my profession yields, you and Enna can manage so as to supply us all. We will live plainly but happily, I know. You are both sufficiently well informed to educate the girls, and Adel will soon be old enough to assist you. Horace and Frank will in a few years be able to help themselves, and supply my place when I grow too old to fill the purse."

Agnes sat by the table quietly gazing as upon vacancy, when my dear, good father commenced his kind plan, and as he proceeded, her dark eyes beamed with child-like fondness on the good old man.

"Surely Heaven will bless you and yours, dear Mr. Duval, for being thus kind to the widowed and fatherless," she exclaimed, as he concluded. "But I must not accept your kind offer. Your plan, however, has confirmed me in the scheme I have been forming for some days past. If I am sufficiently well fitted to take charge of my sisters' education, why not of others? If you will aid me I will open a school."

The thought was a good one, and my father, finding Agnes steady in her determination yielded, and used every endeavor to forward her in her project. The creditors had refused to accept the costly wardrobe and magnificent jewels belonging to Mrs. Lincoln and Agnes. These were disposed of, and the money arising from their sale was appropriated by Agnes to the furnishing of her new establishment.

"I take this money only as a loan," said Agnes to my father. "If I am spared, and have health and strength, at some future time it shall be returned. I never shall feel light-hearted until my father's liabilities are all satisfied."

A house was procured, every thing arranged for the opening of the school; and it was announced in society, that the Miss Lincoln who had been "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," a few short months before, was about to enter the work-day world as a teacher. Much is said and much written about summer friends—those who hover around the favorites of fortune, then flee from them in the dark hour of sorrow—but truly I have seen but little of such heartlessness, long as I have lived in the world. People do not wish to desert those who are in trouble. There is more of kindness of heart and sympathy in the world than we are willing to give credit for. Circumstances and events press so quickly in this life of change, than when one amongst us is stricken down, although we grieve, we are urged on in the stream, and though we would gladly aid our sinking companion, we are hurried on unconsciously. But let the stricken one give signs of life—evidences of aiding itself, then all are ready to give a helping hand. The race must be completed—life's journey accomplished—but any one exhibiting a desire to unite in the struggle is willingly assisted. So was it with the friends of Agnes Lincoln. Had she weakly yielded to her troubles, and shewn no disposition to aid herself, the world would have felt sorry for her, but they would have had no time to tarry by the wayside—but when she appeared amongst them prepared to take her part in life's great contest, they willingly united to help her forward.

Agnes Lincoln's accomplishments, her elegant manners—her strong mind, all her good qualities, were remembered; and mothers and fathers, who had admired the beautiful girl in society, hastened to place under her care their own daughters, asking that she might make them like her own lovely self, and they would be satisfied. She entered heart and soul into her new vocation; and hers became the most popular establishment in the city. In the course of two or three years the small house had to be changed, and a residence as large as her father's princely mansion taken, in order to accommodate her large school. The luxurious comforts, necessary to her mother's happiness, were gratified; her brothers and sisters carefully attended to; but her own wants were few, indeed. She was most carefully and studiously economical. Every year she deposited in my father's hands, a sum of money, small at first, but gradually increasing, which she, with a sad smile, called her father's fund; this was devoted to the settling off the remaining accounts against her father.

Noble creature! how every one revered her as she moved steadily on in the path of her duty. Hers was not an easy life, hard mental labor, from morning till night, she endured for many years. At day-dawn she was up, superintending her household, and directing the studies of those pupils who resided with her. The influence she exercised over those entrusted to her care, was a subject of remark. Her commands were insisted upon with words of love, but looks of firmness. Her girls hovered around her, quietly watching every glance; and in that whole troop of young, thoughtless creatures, the most of them the indulged, spoiled children of fortune, not one but would have dreaded to disobey the simplest request of their gentle teacher.

We met daily, as formerly, and I still was to her the confidante and bosom friend I had been in the days of her wealth. She never spoke of Evart—we both avoided all allusion to him; and when, a few years after their separation, he married a wealthy woman from a neighboring city, and his marriage was mentioned before her, by those who knew not of her former connection with him, or else had forgotten it, a mere acquaintance could not have detected any trace or evidence of feeling. The marble paleness of her cheek, the firm closed mouth, and quiet, but sad look, which told of inward suffering, betrayed to me, however, that her thoughts were with the past, and I noticed in her, for some time after, a closer attendance to her duties—not one moment, night or day, left unoccupied; and her brow bore a more serious expression, that told of self-combatings and heart-struggles.

Year after year passed, and Agnes had the satisfaction of seeing her sisters growing up charming women, admired in society, and her two brothers displaying the good qualities, and honorable, high spirit of their father. By her exertions they were educated, and ten years after her father's death she paid off his last debt, and had the pleasure of seeing her eldest brother, Horace, who had just completed his studies, enter his profession as a partner with my father. The little Frank, her father's darling, would be nothing but a merchant, as his father had been, and was dreaming seventeen-year old visions of future grandeur, such as his father had probably dreamed at his age, and realized. He would wreath his mother's fretful, complaining countenance with smiles, as he would describe the wealth he intended to accumulate, and the splendid things that should once more be hers. Two weddings were celebrated by Agnes—her two sisters, Adel and Mary, who married upright and warm hearted men, prosperous in business; and Agnes felt almost a maternal pride as she furnished their houses, and provided the wedding wardrobes. The world wondered she did not marry, for her beauty never left her, nor were opportunities wanting. Many a fond, widowed father would have gladly persuaded the idolized teacher of their daughters to share their fortunes; but she calmly and quietly refused all offers, and seemed at last to find real happiness in her business.

Fifteen years passed by, and found Agnes still at her post. One only of those little ones, bequeathed by a loving father to her care, remained under her roof—and she was soon to leave Agnes to become a wife. All were married, happy, and well. The poor old mother had at last ceased all wailings, and had laid down to her long rest, when a new care developed upon Agnes. Evart Berkely, who had appeared for years to be a prosperous man, and thought by many to possess great wealth, suddenly failed, and in a moment of despair put a violent end to his existence. His wife had died some five or six years before, many said of a broken-heart; and his three children were left upon the world homeless orphans. Evart left a letter, commending his children to Agnes, who, he said, had promised to be a mother to his children, should they ever need her care. Then was disclosed what Agnes had kept a secret. A year after his wife's death, he had again sought Agnes; but his overtures were indignantly rejected by her; he continued his addresses by letters for some time, until Agnes refused to receive them, returning them unopened, saying, however, in her final note, that, should his children ever be left alone in life, she would be a mother to them; and to her home did she take those helpless ones, and devoted herself to her business with renewed energy to provide for their support and future establishment in life. People shrugged their shoulders, and called her conduct Quixotic and absurd but the good and kind-hearted applauded her.

When my young friend, Kate Wilson, requested me to relate the history of Agnes, forty-five years had stealthily crept over her, but even the bitter, bleak winters of her adversity had failed to whiten her dark locks, or dim those beaming eyes—time had dealt gently with her beauty. Evart's children have proved as blessings to her, and by them, and by her brothers and sisters, and by their children, Agnes is revered almost as a saint.

"Ah, Kate, Kate," I said, as I arrived at this part of my "*ower true tale*," "has not Agnes Lincoln's lot, as an old maid, been quite as useful, and still more happy, than she would have been as Evart Berkely's broken-hearted wife?"

Our Scrap Book.

A LOVE SCENE.

[The following romantic love story is translated from a Paris paper. Such things are quite popular in that land of love and suicides:—

One day, some months ago, a young officer of a cavalry regiment was returning to his lodgings late at night, when he saw on one of the bridges a young woman of considerable beauty, but clad in the mean garments of a workwoman, preparing to plunge into the river. He seized her and threatened to take her to the station-house. She supplicated, however, so earnestly to be left alone, that the officer consented to release her, first, however, exacting a solemn promise that she would not repeat her attempt. She hurried away; but the young soldier deemed it right to follow her. Luckily it was that he did so; for no sooner did she believe herself free from observation than the unhappy girl plunged into the river. The officer was close upon her, and, with some difficulty, and not without danger, he succeeded in dragging her to land. This time he insisted upon accompanying her home. With extreme reluctance the would-be-suicide led him to a miserable lodging in the most wretched part of the town. Knocking at the door, an old woman appeared, to whom the officer related what had happened. "Ah, madam!" she cried, "it was for that, then, that you borrowed my clothes!" and then she went on to relate to the young officer that the pretended unknown was no other than the daughter of a nobleman of the highest rank, and that she had that night come to borrow the dress in which she appeared, in order, as she said, to avoid discovery in a love adventure. In proof of the truth of the story, the old woman pointed to the young lady's dress, which she had left on assuming her coarse attire. This naturally excited the young man's curiosity to the highest pitch. He insisted on accompanying the young lady to her father, to whom he related all that had taken place. Warm thanks were, of course, heaped upon him, and he was invited to the house, at which he subsequently became a constant visitor. An intimacy sprung up between him and the young lady, which ripened into affection, and the affection resulted in a marriage, celebrated a few days ago. This tale is true, strange as it may appear. It has, of course, created an immense sensation in the upper circles of Parisian society; and at present it is said that all young unmarried ladies are bent on attempting to commit suicide at midnight, in hope of being saved by a handsome officer of hussars.

THE NEW POPE.

[A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser gives the following description of the present Pope of Rome:]

Pius IX as he has chosen to be called, will complete his 55th year on the 13th of May next. His appearance does not belie his age. His stature is, I should reckon from eye measurement about five feet six inches. He is not corpulent, nor is he emaciated by vigils, fasts, or duties, although I would not accuse him of neglecting any thing which either his religion or government requires. Thus much for his body, which is one of the million that would pass unnoticed were he a common man, there being nothing about it remarkable. The same cannot be said of his face, which would in any position be called striking. Dark brown hair, a little silvered, shades an admirably developed forehead. His complexion is dark, without being sufficiently so to mark him even as an Italian. A constant smile about his eyes might be taken, or mistaken, either as a token of benevolence or cunning. His nose cannot be better described than by saying that it is like its possessor—Roman. His chin is prominent and double. In his mouth I think we find his character written, for there is an expression of firmness and determination in the compression of his lips which clearly manifest the man. Many, you know, proclaim their character by opening the mouth but Pius appears to exhibit his by keeping it shut; an illustration of the truth of Carlyle's oft-repeated saying—Speech is great, but Silence is greater.

A word as to his dress. The shaven crown of his head is usually covered with a scull cap, which sets so close to the skin as to be scarcely distinguished from it. This is his usual head dress, although I once saw him walking in some state with a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, of a red color upon him. On some great occasions he assumes the triple crown, but as in the case of other kings this is not often. His robe is large covering the whole body, and either of a white or red color, and of rich materials; a pair of red satin slippers upon his feet completes his costume.

ADVANTAGES OF TWO LEGS.—It is a shrewd remark of a distinguished French philosopher, Cabinis, that few animals are better fitted for speed than man. Savages can, in many cases, run down the animals which they make their prey, and in Europe, professed pedestrians will outstrip the fleetest horse, who only succeeds by reducing his four legs to two, in the act of galloping. The hare, the stag, and the greyhound follow the same principle; and the ostrich, the cassoway, and the bustard, with only two legs, will, in most cases, outstrip the best blood horse.

EASE OF MANNERS.—A good way to display ease and elegance in company, is to pull out your penknife and trim your finger nails.

And another is, if a lady sings, to hum the music along with her; she, as well as everybody else present, will be astonished at your knowledge of harmony.

THE "DEVIL."—The word devil, said a certain parson, is mean, any way you can take it. Remove the d, and it is evil; remove the e, and it is vile; remove the v, and it is il, and the l alone has the sound of hell.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1847.

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TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears, will please send on their dues through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in arrears for this paper.

Of J. P. Brown, Esq., late of State P. O., Kentucky.
Of Jos. A. Burbage, late of Coosawyboro', S. Carolina.
Of Wm. S. Ware, late of Pembroke, Kentucky.
Of Jackson Medley, late of Snell Shoals, Georgia.
Of T. W. Waggoner, late of do. do.
Of Danl. Harper, late of Phoenixville, Pa.
Of Thos. M. Browne, late of Carrollton, Alabama.
Of Post Master at New London, New York.
Of Dr. Petty, Post Master, late of County Line, Miss.
Of Z. H. Whittington, late of do. do.
Of D. F. Day, late of do. do.
Of Wm. Phillips, late of New Garden, Pa.

AGNES; OR, THE POSSESSED.
A TALE OF MESMERISM.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our large and rapidly increasing circle of readers, that we shall commence in our next number, the publication of a most thrilling tale, with the above title, written for the Post by T. S. Arthur, Esq. The novelty of the subject, the exciting character of the incidents, and the moral tendency of the story, are such as to give "Agnes; or, The Possessed," an interest and popularity not surpassed, we think, by any tale ever published by the American newspaper press. Those individuals who have been "*intending to subscribe for a long time*," and yet putting off the good work from week to week, have now a most capital opportunity to begin with this admirable production. A limited number of extra copies will be printed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MEMORY OF LOVE is accepted.

J. T. F.'s Enigma shall take its turn.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE is scarcely good enough for the Post.

NAPOLEON'S STAR. This piece is very well versified, but there is an obscurity in the leading idea which compels us to decline it. We think, however, that with more study and care the author might write well.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FORM is accepted.

ANOTHER ENGLISH TOURIST.

We do not know when we have been more amused than in reading a volume just published, entitled "The Statesmen of America," by Sarah Mytton Maury. This lady is the very antipodes of Mrs. Trollope. The latter was all lemon juice and vinegar, while Mrs. Maury seems overflowing with the milk of human kindness—or, rather, the milk *and water*. Everybody and everything in this country, according to Mrs. Trollope, was all wrong—rudeness, vulgarity and tobacco spittal made up her "impressions" of America; while, with Mrs. Maury, everything and everybody is all sunshine and rainbow—she only met one person, in the fifteen months she spent in this country, "who treated her or her son with the *shadow* of rudeness." Accordingly, she praises all our statesmen to the skies, "without distinction of party," as the calls for public meetings once in a great while say. Calhoun is her prime favorite—but then Clay is also a perfect gem; C. J. Ingersoll is a paragon of perfection—and Webster is not far behind him; Polk, W. H. Seward, Benton, J. Q. Adams, Buchanan, Hannegan, Haywood, Bishop Hughes, &c., &c., all come in for a most overflowing bumper of praise—and in relation to the last named gentleman, Bishop Hughes, we are furnished with the interesting information, that he "*possesses that peculiar and inherent love of fine linen, which so often distinguishes men of exalted character.*"

Mrs. Maury appears to have been upon very intimate terms with all the above gentlemen, but, for the life of us, we cannot see by her book why she should be—unless, indeed, she is a very beautiful woman, which perhaps might account for it. Or did our worthy Congressmen know that "a chiel was among them, takin' notes" and therefore behave their purtiest?—No, no, perish the suspicion! we merely thought we would suggest it, as the only rational explanation that occurred to us of the assiduous attentions that were lavished upon our heroine by every one, from the President down.

Mrs. Maury, notwithstanding she is the mother of eleven children, seems to be an enthusiastic creature. Upon one occasion, while Mr. Hannegan was speaking in the Senate, she was so enraptured by his words that she threw him down her glove from the ladies' gallery. But we must give this thrilling incident in the writer's own language:—

"In the excitement of the moment I threw down my glove to the speaker; it fell at his side. The *chivalrous* Hannegan instantly picked it up, *pressed it to his lips, looked gratefully up to the gallery, bowed and placed it in his bosom*. The fortunate glove was transmitted by the next day's post to the lady of the Senator, then in Indiana. *I preserve the less happy fellow to it.* So much for the gallantry of the Senator from Indiana to an English woman."

What an affecting scene! Surely such exhibitions never occurred in an English legislative hall, or else Burke would not have had the effrontery to stand up boldly and declare that "the Age of Chivalry was gone." And yet, sublime as this incident was, the world most probably would have remained in entire ignorance of it, had it not happily been published to the world by one of the impassioned actors. We are attentive readers of the daily papers, but in no one do we remember to have seen it mentioned. Where were that numerous corps of "Washington correspondents," who write home such full and circumstantial accounts not only of everything that does really occur in that magnificent outline of a city, but many, very many things more?—why were they all absent at this interesting moment? why was not even one present, to cull this evanescent flower of sentiment, as it fell into the cold and stifling atmosphere of the nineteenth century.

But we must draw this notice to a close. Would we had time and space to dwell longer upon the extraordinary courtesies shown to Mrs. Maury and her little son, "the Doctor," by all the foremost men of America—which wonderful attentions, with extracts from their speeches, and descriptions of their personal appearance, constitute about nine-tenths of her book. But as we already have delivered ourselves more fully in relation to its contents than we expected to do when we began, we must *conclude*. Not omitting, however, the expression of our thanks to the fair authoress that, while Mrs. Trollope, Fiddler, Marryatt and Dickens have filled their books in relation to America with *lye* (*lie*), she, on the contrary, has favored us with soft soap.

GAMBLING.

The Legislature of this State, through the instrumentality of J. H. Green, the reformed gambler, has lately passed a very severe law against gambling.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

The Bishop of Norwich, England, delivered, on the 10th of last month, a sermon in commemoration of this well known philanthropic minister of the "Society of Friends," whose death we announced some weeks since. The following extract from the Bishop's sermon, is a cheering instance of that religious toleration which is one of the glories of the age we live in:—

"He who is removed from amongst us, and whose death every member of the Church must deplore, it is true, was not of our communion; but who will be bold enough in intolerance to say that thereby, or in consequence thereof, his salvation was in jeopardy. Can we think that he was in danger whose peaceful life was an unwearied comment on Evangelical Christianity, in its fullest and most expanded sense, of whom it may be said to the very letter, 'When the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless; the blessing came upon him, for he caused the hearts of all to sing for joy.' To give a moment's heed to doubt of his acceptance on the score of differing from us in Church membership would be indeed and in verity a mockery of the Bible, a perversion of Gospel truth, a libel upon Christianity itself. Let it not be said that I am giving utterance to an opinion at variance with the language of our Church, since its 18th article maintains that he is *accursable* who presumes to say that every man shall be saved by the sect or creed which he professeth. * * I do verily believe, in the words of the same article, that the name of the Lord Jesus Christ is the only one whereby men can be saved; and a firmer believer in the merits of that Saviour, it were difficult to find, than the humble-minded Christian who is the subject of these remarks."

The bells of the Cathedral and other churches in Norwich, were tolled during the funeral—the shops and other places of business generally were closed—the newspapers appeared in mourning—and various sermons from the pulpits of the established and dissenting clergy were preached in his honor. Truly, in view of the respect that is thus paid to a good man, irrespective of party or creed—one whose greatness consisted not in the warrior's glory, but in the practice of all the gentler Christian virtues, we may well repeat exultingly the words of the poet,

> "There's a good time coming, boys,
> A good time coming!"

LACONICS.

To value the Future and the Infinite higher than the Present and the Finite is the difference between good and evil, wisdom and folly.

A man's word is only breath, but it should be stronger than adamant.

We might argue for the superiority of spirit over matter, from the fact that matter in proportion as it is gross is weak, and in proportion as it is ethereal is strong. For instance, the gases are infinitely more powerful than the metals, or wood, or stone.

"My country is the world—my countrymen are all mankind." Friend, be consistent! If your own country is not dearer to you than a foreign one, why should your own relatives be dearer than another person's relatives, or your own children than another's children?

We should never forget that the word *Right* is used in two senses. That is *Right* which is according to the immutable laws of the Highest; and that also is *Right* which a man conscientiously, and after due examination and study, *believes* to be according to those immutable laws. Not to be Right, in the first sense, is not necessarily sin; not to be Right, in the second sense, is always and inevitably sin. This is the basis of Charity.

Like avoids like. Thus the talkative marry the quiet, &c. In this way things are prevented from running to extremes, which are monstrosities. If the quiet were to intermarry with the quiet, one half of the human race might, in the course of time, lose the great gift of speech—while the other half would grow vapid and senseless, for a silent listener is a great check upon a nimble tongue.

The Mountain of Wisdom lies between the two vallies of Credulity and Unbelief. Thousands journey over it daily, passing from one valley to the other; but few, very few, there are, who take up their residence upon its summit.

A SCENE IN NEW YORK.

The New York Express gives the following description of one of those dens of destitution, vice and misery, which we are accustomed to think of in connection with London or Paris, but which we can hardly realize as existing in this new world:—

"Attended by Police officers and a few curiously disposed gentlemen from out of town, we lately paid a visit to the old 'Brewery Building,' in Anthony Street. We had to pass through what is called 'Murderer's Alley,' which is about 100 feet long, when we found ourselves in a very large and ricketty building, which was cut up in small rooms. The number of families which are supposed to call that their home is *sixty*, and a more miserable set of beings we have never *seen*. Our visit was in the night time, and most of the residents were at home. In one room we saw a husband and his wife, with three children, sound asleep on a bed of shavings, and the furniture of the room consisted only of a pine box, a wooden bowl, which was full of meal, and a tin cup, while on the hearth of the empty fire-place were scattered a few meatless bones. In another we saw a woman in a beastly state of intoxication, whose child, wrapped in some filthy rags, was lying on a bed of *warm ashes* in one corner of the fire-place. In one a lot of half-clothed negroes were fighting like hyenas; and in another a forlorn old man was suffering with delirium tremens. As our leader walked on, peering into the dark rooms of poverty and infamy, we were forcibly reminded of Dante's description of hell. The majority of women were widows, and we were informed that the rent they paid varied from two to six shillings per week. Our guide directed our attention to the back yard, where, within the last two years, upwards of twenty persons were found dead. Their histories remain in mystery, and we were told of the very singular fact that a funeral has not been known to occur at the Brewery for many years—as it is the market place for anatomists and their menials. We could hardly believe, until we saw it, that such a place as the Anthony Street Brewery actually existed in the Empire City."

Surely if there was as much humanity, benevolence and Christian devotedness, as there ought to be within our hearts, such horrid scenes could not be found amongst us.

AID FOR IRELAND.

We perceive by our exchanges, that liberal contributions are being made in all sections of the country in aid of the famishing inhabitants of Ireland. A large meeting was held in this city last week, at which the Mayor presided, and a committee and sub-committees have been appointed to solicit subscriptions to the good cause, from our citizens generally.

The following table contains a list of the subscriptions already made as far as we are acquainted with them:—

Society of Friends, Philadelphia,	$8,977
General collection at Philadelphia, so far,	10,000
New York City,	30,000
Pittsburg,	2,000
New Orleans,	7,000
Washington City,	500
Reporters in Congress,	100
Hon. Richard Pakenham,	500
Jersey City,	1,000
St. Louis, Mo.,	1,230
Rochester, N. Y.,	363
Utica,	756
Church of the Holy Cross, Boston,	8,297
Society of Friends, Naghtown, R. I.,	550
Bishop Doane, N. J.,	100
Albany,	1,000
Baltimore,	6,000
Cadets at West Point,	360
Hartford,	635
Society of Friends, Baltimore,	1,300
Woonsocket,	3,300
Boston Board of Brokers,	500
Northampton, Mass.,	5,000
Canton, Ohio,	187
West Chester, Pennsylvania,	1,000
	$97,379

NORWEGIANS IN WISCONSIN.

We had not the least idea that there was any considerable number of Norwegians among the new settlers in our Western States, and we have acquired quite "a new wrinkle" from the following statement:—

"The Legislature of Wisconsin has ordered three hundred copies of the Governor's Message to be printed in the Norwegian language. There are some thousands of natives of Norway in that State, and excellent citizens they are."

We have no doubt that they are "excellent citizens," but they should learn how to speak and read English.

A GOOD SUBSCRIBER.

Each member of the Massachusetts Legislature is allowed fourteen newspapers per week, and it is stated by the Boston Times, that the proprietor of the Norfolk County American, who is a member, subscribes for *thirteen* copies of his own paper. Whether he reads them all is not mentioned.

MINESOTA.

The Washington correspondent of the Inquirer, says that he has been informed that the name of the new Territory, Min-ne-so-ta, for the admission of which the House has passed a bill, means neither more nor less than Skunk River.

TO MY BROTHER.

We take the following beautiful and affecting poem from the United States Gazette. The author is Mrs. M. T. W. Chandler, of this city—and we should judge from this specimen of her poetic powers that, with proper study and cultivation, she may take a high rank among the female writers of our land.

> "The love where Death hath set his seal,
> Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
> Nor falsehood disavow."—BYRON.

> Welcome—oh! brother, to our household meeting,
> Welcome, again, from o'er the distant sea—
> Long have we looked for thy familiar greeting.
> Long have we yearned to gaze once more on thee.
> Daily and nightly, for thy safe returning,
> Have prayers ascended from our watchful hearts,
> Where, as before a shrine, forever burning,
> The lamp of love its holy light imparts.
>
> How have we missed thee in our joy and sorrow!
> How have we daily marked thy vacant place!
> How have we fondly sighed for the fair morrow,
> Which should restore to us thine own dear face!
> The chain of love hath lost a link without thee—
> And all too slowly runs the golden sand,
> Till that sweet time, when, circled round about thee,
> Safe, in our midst, we may behold thee stand.
>
> Yet with our welcome, mingle strains of sadness,
> Unheard before amidst our household mirth—
> Hushed are the wonted tones of joy and gladness—
> Forever quenched, the light upon our hearth.
> The star is hidden from our earnest gazing—
> Silent the music in the troubled air—
> Yet do we surely know, to Heaven upraising
> Our eyes all dim with tears, that *she is there*.
>
> The Father hath received her into glory,
> The lamb hath refuge found within the fold;
> And though her *life* be as an untold story,
> Her *death* is writ in characters of gold.
> Oh! little darling, with the tears fast running,
> And the sick heart a mother only knows,
> I think of thy most patient uncomplaining,
> Submissive ever, till thy sweet life's close.
>
> Of all the wealth of thy young heart's devotion—
> Of the last mortal sickness' faint unrest—
> And oh, (dread thought!) the little head's last motion,
> Which ev'n in death would clasp me to thy breast.
> Each censure, passed in chastening correction
> Upon thy childish faults, so few and light,
> Each look—each hasty word—with vain reflection,
> Comes pressing hard upon my heart to-night.
>
> Once more, my solitary vigil keeping,
> I watch beside thee in that silent room,
> Counting thy pulse, as the hot blood runs leaping
> Through those young veins, soon quiet in the tomb.
> Once more I mark the dimpled cheek's deep flushing
> Seen by the dim night-lamp—once more thy cry
> Of mortal pain, sends, with a mighty rushing,
> The awful thought that *thou must surely die*.
>
> These are most dread and fearful recollections,
> Ne'er to be blotted out till life hath fled—
> Yet are there holy, comforting reflections,
> Which bloom, like flowers, around the early dead.
> Oh! to believe, with meekness uncomplaining,
> In the dear mercy of God's loving sway—
> That our sore loss is her eternal gaining—
> That darkness leadeth but to perfect day.
>
> You find us not the same as when we parted,
> Oh, brother mine—but weary and way worn—
> You find us not the same, as when we started
> On the dark road of life, in youth's fair morn.
> Then, with a holy and a meek confiding,
> And a fond trust, too lovely to endure,
> We dreamed not of the evil here abiding,
> For, to the heart of youth, all things are pure.
>
> The world no longer wears the same gay seeming,
> That shone around it once, in life's first years—
> And we have learned to mock its idle dreamings,
> And bathe its brightest hopes with bitter tears.
> Oh! dreary is that first most sad awaking,
> From the sweet confidence of early truth,
> To find hope's rosy glass, in fragments breaking,
> Reflects no more the visions of our youth.
>
> Ah! many hearts have changed since we two parted,
> And many grown apart, as time hath sped—
> Till we have almost deemed that the true hearted
> Abided only with the faithful dead.
> And some we trusted with a fond believing,
> Have turned, and stung us to the bosom's core,
> And life hath seemed but as a vain deceiving,
> From which we turned aside—heart sick and sore.
>
> Oh, brother! this is but a mournful greeting
> With which to hail the wanderer's return—
> My lay, responsive to my heart's sad beating,
> Tells but of death—the ashes and the urn.
> Yet must we wait—God's own good time abiding
> And, faithful, labor at the task below,
> Till His just hand, the good and ill dividing,
> Shall turn to future joy our present woe.

THE WILMOT PROVISO.

As there is a great deal said just now about the "Three Million Bill," and the "Wilmot Proviso," we have thought there might be some curiosity among our readers to see them—and we therefore annex the whole Bill in the shape it passed the House of Representatives, as follows:—

"Whereas, war exists between these United States and the Republic of Mexico, and assurances have been given to the Government of Mexico of the President's wish to settle all questions between the two countries, on liberal and satisfactory terms to each, and their mutual interests and security; and the President may be able to conclude peace with the Republic of Mexico prior to the next session of Congress, if means for that object are at his disposal; and whereas, in the adjustment of the many complicated questions between the two countries it may happen that an expenditure of money will be called for by the stipulations of any treaty which may be entered into: Therefore,

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the sum of 30,000 dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to enable the President to enter upon negotiations for the restoration of peace with Mexico; and also the sum of three millions of dollars be hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to enable the President to conclude a treaty of peace with the Republic of Mexico, to be used by him in the event that said treaty, when duly ratified by Mexico, shall call for the expenditure of the same, or any part thereof: Provided, That full and accurate accounts of all these expenditures shall be by him transmitted to Congress as soon as practicable: *And provided further, That there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any territory on the continent of America which shall hereafter be acquired by, or annexed to the United States, by virtue of this appropriation, or in any other manner whatsoever, except for crimes whereof the parties have been duly convicted*; Provided always, That any person escaping into such territory from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the United States, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed and conveyed out of said territory to the person claiming his or her labor or service."

The clause in italics is the "Wilmot Proviso," and the last clause an amendment adopted on motion of Mr. Hamlin, of Maine.

A PROPOSITION.

Sundry of the citizens of New York have petitioned Congress that the President of the United States "be authorized and requested to permit and cause any and all, or so many of the public ships and vessels of the United States as may not be employed in the public service, to be employed in transporting such Grain, Flour and other Provisions, to the famishing people of Ireland, as may be contributed by public bodies, or by individual citizens or inhabitants of the United States."

The principal reason given for this request, is the enormous price to which freight has risen—from forty-five to sixty-two cents per bushels, which is double the price of Indian corn in parts of the country.

We like the idea that some one has proposed, of employing the monster ship Pennsylvania, upon this errand of benevolence.

INFLUENCE OF RAILROADS.

Among the other advantages of railroads and swift travelling, will probably be, in the course of time, the diminishment of large cities, and the more equal settlement of the country. An English correspondent of the Tribune, says that "it is now proposed to erect villages at convenient distances from large towns, to which the working people can travel every morning and return every night, *let the expense thereof be added to their rent, and yet pay less for pleasant dwellings than they do for miserable lodgings in towns*."

Lines of Omnibusses have already had the same effect to a limited extent. They enable clerks and other persons of small salaries, to live in comfort upon the outskirts of a city, instead of residing in some narrow, dirty little hole in the thickly settled portions.

NATIONAL BOTANIC GARDEN.

The American Institute is making strenuous efforts in promotion of the establishment by Congress of a Botanic Garden in Florida, for the gradual acclimation of Plants. At the last annual Convention of the Farmers, Gardeners, and Silk Culturists of the United States, held in New York, it was resolved to memorialize the General Government in its favor.

MR. ADAMS.

It is rumored that the venerable Mr. Adams intends to resign his seat before the close of the present session. The celebrated artist, Genderick, of Washington, is about executing a large lithographic likeness of him.

THE POET PERCIVAL.

Mr. Percival, who is well known throughout the country as the author of many very beautiful contributions to American literature, is said to have almost totally withdrawn himself of late years from society. He has taken lodgings in the New Haven Hospital, which institution, it seems, having accommodations beyond the necessities of the unfortunate, receives boarders. The Home Journal says:—

"Here, in this Hospital, shut out from the world of men, in misanthropic solitude, lives the poet Percival! It is said there are not half a dozen individuals in the city with whom he will hold converse—and there is a story abroad, that a brother poet, Willis Gaylord Clark, attempting to pay him a fraternal visit, was compelled to give and receive communications through a dubious crack of the door. Percival seldom goes abroad, and when he does, we are told he may be distinguished by the abject slovenliness of his appearance from any man in the street."

The cause of this singular conduct, on the part of one gifted with powers to make him not only a useful member but an ornament to society, is said to be disappointed love!

COBBETT'S PROPHECY.

Cobbett had a conversation with an Irish gentleman, a Doctor Smith, in 1836, in which he said that the dirty weed (alluding to the potato) would *be the curse of Ireland*. "How so?" replied Dr. Smith, "what must the people do without it? they live upon it. They have had it in cultivation one hundred and eighty years." Cobbett answered, "They must go back to the same food they were accustomed to live upon previously to the general cultivation of the dirty weed; and that is, to grain, as wheat, oats, rye, &c. You have four millions of souls in Ireland, and eight millions of acres of uncultivated ground. This ground must be drained, and you must again grow wheat, oats, rye, &c. *The potato will not last more than twenty years, when it will work itself out, and then you will see to what a state Ireland will be reduced.* You *must* return to grain crops; and Ireland, instead of being the most degraded, will become one of the finest countries in the world. You may live to see my words prove true, but I never shall."

THE COAL TRADE.

A correspondent of the Ledger states that the total distance from Mauch Chunk, by the way of the Lehigh and Morris Canal, to Jersey City, opposite New York, is only one hundred and forty eight miles—being but forty miles further than the distance from Pottsville to Philadelphia by the Schuylkill navigation.

He also says that with "the double section boat, carrying one hundred and forty tons, the trip from Mauch Chunk to New York and back, could be made in from twelve to thirteen days. Say even fourteen days, at $5 per day, (for running the boat, which is ample,) and you have a cost of $70 for transporting one hundred and forty tons of coal, or *fifty cents per ton*."

We know not how accurate the above statements and calculations are, but as it is a subject of considerable interest we concluded to lay them before our readers.

EMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA.

We see it stated that a gentleman of Brooklyn, N. Y., Thomas Rawlings, Esq., received by the last steamer orders for one thousand farms of one hundred and fifty acres each—in all 150,000 acres—in Western Virginia; the whole tract being intended for a Welch settlement to be commenced the coming Spring. Of the whole number intending to join the colony not one can read English.

Mr. Rawlings, it is said, has established agencies in different parts of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, for the purpose of affording facilities to those who desire to emigrate to Western Virginia, and many respectable farmers, possessing considerable capital, are said to be coming out in the spring, thus making room for those who remain behind. The Welch, with their industrious habits, make the best kind of citizens.

NOT TRUE.

We published last week a horrible item of news, about a workman who fell into a large vat of boiling molasses, &c. We found it in half a dozen of our exchanges, and therefore supposed it to be true. But it appears the only foundation for the story was that a workman in a distillery, fell through a trap-door into a tub containing molasses about a foot deep, *perfectly cold*. The unfortunate man in his fall fractured his skull, and he was found lying in the molasses, which was not deep enough to cover his body. The New York Mirror, which ought to know, says that the public little dream of the obligations they are under to the teeming imaginations of penny-a-liners, for a good part of the horrible accidents and highly spiced anecdotes which, with the appetites of cormorants, they devour daily.

Editorial Varieties.

MAN KILLED BY A PANTHER.

A respectable German physician who resided in Liberty, Tioga County, in this State, was recently found dead in a small valley of the Blockhouse Fort Creek. He had left his residence on the morning of the 22d of December, with the intention of visiting a patient who resided on Little Pine Creek. The whole woods through which he had to travel were infested by wild beasts of prey, and it is believed that a panther must have attacked him, as he was most shockingly mangled. His entire face, with the cheek bones, were torn off; the bone of the under jaw was unbroken, but stripped of all its covering. The throat, and part of the right side of the neck, were torn away, and all the covering stripped off the collar bone, down to the bone of the right arm, which was laid bare at the shoulder. Four or five ribs were torn out of his right side, and an entrance made through his body, in the direction or region of the heart. His gun lay six or eight feet from the body, with one barrel discharged.

DESERTION AND SUICIDE.

A German in New York committed suicide, on Tuesday of last week, by swallowing poison. His wife had deserted him, taking their only child with her. The unhappy man left a letter upon the table in his room, which concluded with the following touching words:—

"For several years past, I have endured the utmost distress of mind in consequence of a watchmaker from Berlin, kingdom of Prussia, by the name of H———, who has endeavored to obtain possession of the heart of my wife, and he has so far succeeded in gaining her affections that she has lost all love for me. Therefore, on account of this man's conduct in weaning my wife's affections from me, am I led to commit this rash act of taking my own life; still I forgive him for the great injury he has done me."

THE PLAINFIELD BANK.

The Receivers of the Plainfield Bank announce that they are now in possession of assets, consisting of real estate, money, stocks in other corporations, and principally in notes and bills receivable, to an amount which they believe more than sufficient to redeem at par the whole amount of bills of that Bank now in circulation.

They further say that they "have not yet been able to ascertain with entire certainty the amount of bills in circulation, nor can they foresee what losses may be incurred in the collection of debts, nor on the sales of stock they now hold. Unless this should be much greater than they anticipate, the bill-holders, they think, will eventually be paid in full."

THE GREAT RAILROAD.

We see it stated that the Illinois Legislature have killed the railroad bill connecting St. Louis with the East, across Illinois. The Senate has indefinitely postponed the bill, by a vote of 22 to 15. The Alton interest defeated the bill in endeavoring to have the road terminate at that city. This is said to put the subject to rest for two years, but we hope not.

EDGAR A. POE.

Mr. Poe has obtained a verdict of $225 against the publishers of the New York Mirror, for a libel alleged to have been committed upon him by them in the publication of a letter written by T. Dunn English, which handled Mr. Poe's private character very severely. Inasmuch as it was Mr. English's and not the Mirror's quarrel, we suppose Mr. English will "pay the piper."

A CLIMAX.

We could not help smiling as we saw the following complimentary notice of one of our Philadelphia contemporaries, in a southern journal:—

"As a literary paper it has no superior—as an agricultural paper, it is *valuable*—as a Lady's companion it is *interesting*, and as a *family* paper it is well worthy *the price of subscription*."

PROBABLY A HOAX.

News has been received in Louisville, by a private letter, of a fatal encounter between Cassius M. Clay and Thomas F. Marshall. The Democrat of that city, says:—

"The public know that a grudge has long [illegible] between them. We learn that for some cause, Marshall challenged Clay, that Clay refused to fight, saying that they had both volunteered in the behalf of their country, and should not kill each other there, but that if he would wait until the war was over, the matter should be attended to. Marshall became enraged at this reply, and rushed to Clay's tent, when Clay in the encounter ran him through with his sword."

As no account of such an affray has been received in this city through the direct channel of communication, we have not the least faith in the above statement.

THEIR HANDS FULL.

The Boston Transcript gives the following list of the topics that may be expected to come before the present session of the British Parliament in addition to the troubles of Ireland:—

"*Cracow*, its confiscation; *Russia*, her dangerous advances; *Austria*, her strides; *Prussia*, her subserviency; *France*, her ambition; *Switzerland*, its danger; *Portugal*, its civil war; *Belgium*, its starvation; *Greece*, its anarchy; *Turkey*, its tottering; *India*, its armies, new provinces, and wars; *Tahiti*, its desolation; *West India*, its discontent; *Australia*, its bad management; *Cape of Good Hope*, its Caffre war. Then there will be inquiries and questions without number, and some calling upon the government to take pity *on Mexico* and help her. What an agitated sea of troubles."

EVADING A LAW.

The Legislature of Maine recently passed a law requiring that the composition and the proportion of each article of the composition of every patent medicine offered for sale, shall be printed on a label and posted on the bottle, package, &c., containing it. Whereupon the proprietor of a certain patent medicine had the composition, proportions, &c., of each article in the compound translated into Chinese, and in that language the required labels are printed. He maintains that he thus complies with the act—because the law does not define the language of the labels. We apprehend, however, that this excuse would not avail him before a court and jury.

VEGETABLE BUTTER.

We find the following in one of our exchanges. We know not how true its statements are—(they read like *humbug*) but they are certainly very curious:—

"Butter has hitherto been supposed to be animal matter, and, as such, has been rejected by some of the Grahamites; but recent investigations have proved that butter may be produced from hay or grass, without depending upon the cow for its preparations—and it is stated that an expert chemist can produce fifteen pounds of butter from a hundred weight of hay—being nearly twice as much as can be produced from the milk of a cow during the consumption of an equal quantity of hay as food. We may therefore expect to see butter factories established in competition with the ordinary dairies."

A TOAST.

The Landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated in Milwaukie by a supper. The Sentinel and Gazette gives the following as one of the toasts drank upon the occasion:—

"*By F. Ripley, Jr.*—The girls we left behind—may they soon be after us."

"This," the Sentinel says, "created much merriment, and when the applause it elicited had in some degree subsided, Mr. Ripley was called upon for a speech; to which he responded by saying with laconic brevity that 'he had spoken'—upon which the Chair pertinently remarked that the young man had emptied his heart, and consequently could have nothing more to say."

COUNTERFEIT EAGLES.

Not live eagles, dear reader, but gold ones. The Albany Telegraph says that a number of these counterfeits have been introduced into that city, which almost defy detection.

The rims are taken from good eagles, (which are then sold as old gold,) and carefully set upon the counterfeits, thus giving the latter the sound peculiar to the former.

Rascals have carried the art of counterfeiting the metals to such perfection now-a-days, that we sometimes think it is even harder to detect a counterfeit coin than a counterfeit note. As to false cents, they are, we believe, about as current as genuine ones.

BREADSTUFFS.

The New York Express estimates the surplus of wheat and Indian corn for export to be—Wheat 3,000,000 bushels; Flour, 3,500,000 barrels; Indian corn and meal, 17,000,000 bushels.

Another estimate says:—

"The wheat produced in the United States for 1846 made 23,973,300 barrels of flour. Allowing one barrel a head for home consumption, of 20,000,000 of persons, and we have to spare 3,973,300 barrels. The corn produced was 470,136,375 bushels. Deduct from the wheat a sufficient quantity for seed and we have left double the number of barrels ever exported from this country in one year."

A PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

We thought the Philadelphia Conundrums were poor enough, but our St. Louis brethren have taken the shine off of us (or, rather, put it on, by contrast) completely. The following took the prize cup, offered by the "sable harmonists" in that city.

"Why is a mother looking at her infant twins and weeping, like the city of St. Louis?

"Because there is but little *water* between her and the *Suckers*."

This is, without exception, the most wretched, snivelling, pitiful and stupid attempt at wit we ever saw—but if it took the prize, what must the others have been!

BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.

The following verse from Miss Barrett's "Lady Geraldine," has lingered in our memory ever since we read it. We think it contains one of the finest similes in the language:—

> "In her utmost lightness there is truth—and often she speaks lightly;
> And she has a grace in being gay, which mourners even approve;
> *For the root of some grave earnest thought is understruck so rightly,*
> *As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers above.*"

A PARAPHRASE.

A writer in the Galveston News, who states that there are fifty eight drinking establishments in that city, and estimates that the enormous sum of two hundred and ninety-six thousand three hundred and eighty dollars is annually expended for intoxicating liquors, thus paraphrases Shakspeare:—

> "All the town's a bar-room,
> And half the men and women merely tiplers
> They have their eggnogs and their gin cocktails,
> And one man in his time, drinks many drams,
> The grog shops being numerous."

FEMALE AUTHORS.

Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Stephens, who are now in Washington, are said to attract much attention in the fashionable circles of that magnificent skeleton of a city. A correspondent of the Pennsylvanian says:—

"Mrs. Sigourney is amiable and gentle to a degree that causes one to forget the poet in the woman, and Mrs. Stephens frank and social to an extent that excludes at once all reserve. I perceive that they are both much noticed by the leading men in Congress."

A SORROWFUL CASE.

The Ledger tells a story of a capitalist of this city who cannot sleep comfortably at nights, so much is he affected by the thought of the fortune he might have made if he had only bought a million of bushels of corn last August, and held on to it till now. He considers he has lost a fortune by his dull sightedness, and has become quite down-hearted and miserable in consequence.

A QUEER COMPARISON.

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, in a recent speech in reference to the war, said that "we were very much in the condition of the shepherd who had the wolf by the ears; it was exceedingly inconvenient to hold on, but dangerous to let go."

A SINGULAR PROPOSAL.

Col. A. Jones, of Rochester, has petitioned the Legislature of New York (why not Congress?) to let out the Mexican war on contract—petitioner agreeing to give bonds to close it for $2,000,000. His memorial was laid on the table.

LARGE EGGS.

It seems we are not done with the eggs yet. W. D. H., of Berks County, Pa., says he has an egg laid by a chicken of the ostrich breed, which measures one way 7 inches, and the other 5½ inches—going ahead of any we have recorded yet.

ENGLISH COUNTERFEITERS.

It is stated that during the past year, the Government prosecuted, in England and Wales, no fewer than 470 coiners or utterers of counterfeit coin, and that only 34 of them escaped conviction.

"PLEASE NOTICE."

The Portland "Tribune and Bulletin" comes to us with the words "*Please notice*" written upon it. Well, the first thing we notice is that a tale called "The Wife's Ordeal," which was written for the Post, by T. S. Arthur, is copied into the "Tribune" without any credit to us. We cannot notice any farther, in view of a fact like this.

POOR FELLOW.

The body of a Massachusetts volunteer was recently found on the flats at Medford. It is supposed he had "drowned himself in order to avoid going with his company"—at least so it is stated; though no reasons are given for the supposition.

New Publications.

NOTES ON THE UPPER RIO GRANDE. *By Bryant P. Tilden, Jr. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is an account of an exploration of the upper portions of the Rio Grande, instituted by order of Major General Patterson. We notice that Lieutenant Tilden has not a very high opinion of the country along the Rio Grande. He says:—"To the many, there is scarcely a spot on the Texan side of the Rio Grande, which at first sight touches the heart, and bids it feel there might be home! It ought to be well understood, that the poor man who is induced to emigrate to this border will in all probability become poorer than he was; while those alone having capital to invest, and means wherewith to pay for necessary and acclimated labor, will derive any permanent pecuniary benefit from coming here to settle. The wealthy planter of the South may find it advantageous to remove to some of the points that might be selected on the Rio Grande. The merchant, trader and the miner may, perhaps, after the war, find a new channel opened to them, through which wealth may be induced to flow to their hoards. But while there exists every natural inducement to draw speculators to these points, no man can honestly invite the American Emigrant hither. In the interior of Texas the case is widely different. There is a field for every one."

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE POPES OF ROME, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME: INCLUDING THE HISTORY OF SAINTS, MARTYRS, FATHERS OF THE CHURCH, RELIGIOUS ORDERS, CARDINALS, INQUISITIONS, SCHISMS, AND THE GREAT REFORMERS. *By Louis Marie de Cormenin. Translated from the French.* The title of this work affords so complete a summary of its contents, that it renders much explanation unnecessary upon our part. The author is said to be a Roman Catholic—but he has drawn the picture of the Sovereign Pontiffs with no flattering hand. The volume before us is free from the objectionable engravings we have seen in some editions. It is published by *J. M. Campbell, S. E. corner of Chesnut and Fifth streets, Philadelphia.*

CINQ-MARS; OR, A CONSPIRACY UNDER LOUIS XIII. *By Count Alfred de Vigny. Translated from the Ninth Paris Edition, by William Hazlitt, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* We have glanced through this work, and should be sorry were we compelled to do more—not that it contains any of those licentious pictures which we have learned almost inevitably to expect now-a-days in a French novel, (for if there are such in this work, we have not lit upon them;) but because it seems to us to lack power and interest.

TWO LIVES; OR, TO SEEM AND TO BE. *By Maria J. McIntosh, Author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest," &c. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton, No. 148 Chesnut Street.* This is a taking title, to the reflective at least, and the book does not disappoint the promise its name holds out. The moral is skillfully unfolded in a story of much beauty and interest, and it is one that all may profit by, for it is not easy in a world forever tempting us with its outward shows, to live

> "As ever in the great Taskmaster's eye."

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE. The March number of this Magazine is the best one we have seen for some time. Its engravings are very good. They are "The Glee Maiden," a pretty picture—"The Anglers," in which the maiden seems to be fishing for a heart, more than for perch and sun-fish—and a very passable Fashion Plate. The contributions are by Mrs. Child, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Sigourney, E. A. Poe, Mrs. Osgood, Fanny Forester, &c., &c. The Agent for this city is *T. B. Peterson No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.*

THE WORLD BEFORE YOU. *By the author of the "Three Experiments of Living," "Old Painters," and "Huguenots in France and America." Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut Street.* This little work has already reached a third edition. It was first published, we believe, under the name of the "Log Cabin, or the The World Before You," but the present title has been put prominently forward, as some persons suspected the other of having a political bearing. We have heard it highly spoken of.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. The March number of this periodical contains three engravings—"The Stingy Traveller," "Hospitality in the Olden Time," and a Fashion Plate. The two first are good. There are also various cuts illustrative of Model Cottages, &c. Among the literary matter we note "The French Beau," by Mary E. Lee, "The Mysteries of California," by J. S. Bell, M. D., and various other contributions by H. H. Weld, Alice G. Lee, W. Gilmore Simms, Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, &c., &c.

ELEMENTARY FRENCH READER. *By M. De Fivas. From the Fifth English Edition. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is an introduction to the French language, containing Fables, Select Tales, Amusing Anecdotes, &c. It also contains a Dictionary at the end, of all the words used in the book, to obviate the necessity of constantly referring to a separate volume. This work is intended to accompany "Ollendorff's New Method of Learning French," now so widely known and justly esteemed.

A REVIEW. We have received a review of a Pamphlet entitled an "Appeal to the Public on behalf of a House of Refuge for Colored Delinquents." The pamphlet in question, in arguing for the establishment of a House of Refuge for colored delinquents, gave a more unfavorable view of the condition of the colored people in this city and county, than what the authors of the Review before us think warranted by truth and justice.

THE HORSE'S FOOT, AND HOW TO KEEP IT SOUND. This is the title of a thin volume by Wm. Miles, Esq., published by *George S. Appleton, No. 148 Chesnut Street*, from the third London edition. The subject is illustrated by engravings. *Miles* is a very appropriate name for the author of such a work.

THE STATESMEN OF AMERICA IN 1846. *By Sarah Mytton Maury. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of the lucubrations of another English traveller. Our opinion of the book is given at large in our editorial column.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. We have received from Messrs. *G. B. Zieber & Co.*, No. 146 of this periodical.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Decline in the Grain Market—State of the Cotton Market—Opening of the British Ports for the Free Admission of Corn—Suspension of the Navigation Laws—Advance in the Rate of Interest—The Famine on the Continent of Europe.

The Steamship Cambria arrived at Boston about 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. For the following digest of her news, we are indebted principally to the Public Ledger:—

The commercial intelligence will be found to be deeply interesting and important.

There was a decline of four to five shillings per quarter in the price of Wheat in the Liverpool and London markets on the 1st inst. The stock of flour at Liverpool alone was 500,000 barrels. There was a prevailing opinion that the British corn-growers had large stocks, which, with the temporary suspension of the navigation laws, and the repeal of the impost duty, tending to check speculation, would, it was assumed, produce a re action both in prices and also in the extent of future operations.

At Liverpool, on the 2d, prices were four shillings per quarter lower on Indian corn, four shillings on flour, two shillings per load on wheat, since the publication of the weekly circular on the 20th.

The cotton market had been in a very quiet condition—the sales had been limited in extent, and prices are rather on the decline.

The market for provisions was steady.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts were still unsatisfactory. In cotton fabrics only a very small business was being transacted and prices were very irregular.

The state of trade in Manchester exhibited no material variation in the present condition of this market from that detailed in the circular, save a decline in the value of nearly every description of cloth and yarns. Matters could not be more unsatisfactory. Transactions were restricted to pressing wants.

It is stated that a loan of four millions sterling has been negotiated for the United States, by a well known city firm. But this must be an error.

The Pope of Rome has contributed one thousand Roman crowns from his private purse, for the relief of Ireland.

The Government of France has addressed a circular to the French consuls and agents in Mexico, that French subjects are not to make use of letters of marque, delivered by the Mexican Government.

One hundred thousand barrels of flour having been ordered for France in the United States, thirty-five thousand barrels reached Havre in eight vessels. The rest were shortly expected.

The state of commercial and monetary affairs since the sailing of the last steamship had been one of extreme peculiarity and interest. The large drains upon the Bank of England to meet the demands caused by the extensive importations of grain and all other sorts of provisions into the kingdom, had induced the government to raise the rates of interest. This caused business generally to be dull.

An enormous business has been done in sugars during the fortnight. Speculators had been extensively purchasing. Prices had advanced considerably beyond the quotations of the 1st instant, and even over those last reported. At the close the market had taken a turn, less business was transacted, and business had assumed a declining tendency.

The iron market was not so brisk as last reported, further inflated rates having been demanded [illegible] for all descriptions, buyers have been induced to purchase with some caution. Prices of manufactured iron continued fully as high.

There appears to be no mitigation in the accounts of suffering by the famine in Ireland. The amounts being raised by subscriptions and otherwise, for the relief of the sufferers, were, however, very liberal, and will, when applied, do much to alleviate their sufferings.

We have, from France, accounts of more disturbances, and of the threatened famine. The French Government, however, was taking active measures to avert the impending calamity.

Accounts from Prussia are almost as distressing as those from Ireland. In the manufacturing districts particularly, the destitution is very alarming, and robberies are of frequent occurrence.

Upon receipt of the intelligence of the 9th, from New York, a sudden advance took place in cotton at Havre. The sales are reported at 7,000 bales. Sugar advanced.

The Bank of England has again advanced the rates of interest.

IRELAND.

The condition of Ireland is the great subject of debate at present in the British Parliament. All the old party landmarks have disappeared under the influence of the calamity which has overtaken Ireland.

On Thursday, 21st ult., Lord John Russell proceeded to develope the scheme to open the ports for the admission of foreign grain, duty *free*; and, in the course of doing so, showed that the freights on the importation of corn had seriously risen, and that, to enable this country to compete with its neighbors in the market of the world, it was necessary, not only to repeal the duty, but to suspend the Navigation Laws. The suspension of the Corn Laws, according to the ministerial intention, was only to extend to the first of September next. Mr. Ewart and other members were in favor of an amendment, making the suspension permanent, but the proposition met with little support.

On Friday the House of Commons, and on Saturday the House of Lords, met for the purpose of passing through their remaining stages the suspension of the Corn and the Navigation Laws, and on Monday the royal assent was given to the same.

On Monday, January 25th, Lord John Russell brought forward his great scheme for the temporary relief and the permanent improvement of Ireland. Money is to be advanced for seed for the next crops. Loans will be made to such of the Irish landlords as wish to improve their waste lands; or the lands will be bought by Government at a fixed price. In cases, however, where the landlords will neither improve nor sell, powers will be taken by the Government to buy at a valuation. For the reclamation of waste lands a million sterling is to be advanced. The land so purchased will be resold, in small lots for the purpose of creating a yeoman proprietory, who will fill up the existing void between the peasant and the present race of landlords. Drainage is to be extensively carried out. These may be considered the permanent features of the scheme.

The temporary projects of relief are a new Poor Law; relief committees to administer funds, and superintend the distribution of food without exacting work in return; giving out-door relief at the poor-houses to the aged and infirm paupers; and other measures calculated to mitigate the severity of the present visitation. Further schemes are announced as being in preparation, but what they are the Prime Minister has not yet deemed it necessary to explain. Probably they refer to some political identification between the institutions of England and Ireland. One thing is clear, that the Church of Ireland is not to be interfered with. The statement of Lord John Russell was most favorably received by the House, and more especially by the Irish landlords, who are not only to have twenty-two years to repay, at a small rate of interest, whatever sums they require from the Government, but half only of the present expense incurred in the productive works is to be borne by them; the other half is to be borne by the nation generally.

The question universally asked is, how much will these Irish measures cost? The temporary outlay, it appears, will be at least seven millions pounds; the ultimate drain will probably reach two or three times that amount. This is really a serious matter for the industrious classes in England, who are now clamoring for the repeal of taxes that press heavily on trade, and obstruct the prosperity of the country. But these and all other subjects connected with Ireland are to undergo a searching analysis.

The details of suffering still continue to be horrible—sickening. The poor try to escape, and thousands find their way daily to England and Scotland. Liverpool and Glasgow are overrun with these poor creatures. In the former town as many as 100,000 have received out door relief in a week. The pressure of local taxation on the rate-payers is likely to ruin many small housekeepers, and leave them without covering or shelter. The pressure has become so overwhelming that Parliament has been appealed to, but has hitherto given no relief.

A determined effort is being made by the wealthy classes in England to assist the Irish by means of private subscriptions, and by abstaining as much as possible from any superfluous consumption of food. A Queen's letter has appeared, addressed to the ministers of the Church of England, requiring subscriptions to be made, and large sums have been thus collected in every place of worship, and by every form of faith in the kingdom. Unhappily, the state of the Highland poor is nearly as bad as that of the destitute Irish. For them, also, liberal subscriptions continue to be gathered.

THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE, January 30.—The scarcity of the last harvest has occasioned great distress in the country, and this distress has led to serious, and even alarming disturbances in many departments, among others Mayenne, Ille et Vilaine, Cotes du Noid and Cher. At Chateauroux the population rose and destroyed several houses, murdered several persons, and committed acts of gross violence. At Rennes, too, most serious disturbances have taken place. At one time great alarm was felt by the Government, but the rioting now appears to be calming down. Nevertheless, it is dreaded that there will yet be more violence and bloodshed. The misery of the lower classes is dreadful, and even people comparatively well off complain of the extraordinary dearness of food.

The Chambers have passed a bill, providing that, until September next, the lowest duty shall be levied on the importation of all descriptions of food, grains, vegetables and live stock. The duty thus becomes almost nominal, for it does not exceed 25 or 30 centimes per hectolitre and per head. This will, it is hoped, have the effect of causing large supplies of food to arrive from the United States, Russia, and Turkey. The Government has also, in consequence of the scarcity, forbidden the exportation of potatoes and other vegetables.

GERMANY.—The Bavarian Government, as a special mark of favor, has allowed the editors of certain Bavarian newspapers to receive copies of the English, French and German journals that are forbidden entrance into the kingdom; but it has exacted from them a solemn oath not to allow them to go out of their offices for a single moment, to be seen by any other person than he who has need of them, in the preparation of articles for his own newspaper, and not to keep them for more than twelve hours at a time, but to give them up to the Government censors. This fact will give your readers an idea of the delightful liberty we enjoy in Germany.

The trial of the Poles, concerned in the events of Cracow, will shortly commence, and, from the number of prisoners—about two hundred and fifty—will, it is believed, occupy three or four months.

At Elderfeld, four hundred and thirty-eight heads of families, almost all well off in the world, have determined to emigrate to the United States.

All throughout Germany great distress exists. Corn and bread are very dear. The Government do all they can, but they cannot prevent great suffering.

RUSSIA.—St. Petersburg, January 10.—The Government is concentrating troops on the Polish frontier of Gallicia—for what purpose it is not stated; and it is whispered that it is preparing for some grand coup in the provinces of the Danube.

SWITZERLAND.—Russia, Austria and Prussia have addressed a note to the Canton of Berne, upon assuming the post of Directing Canton of the Confederation, in which they say that they will maintain friendly relations with it as long as it shall respect in spirit and letter, the pact of 1815.

To this insolent and extraordinary communication the Executive of Berne replied, that the questions referred to interested Switzerland alone, that they were only responsible to Switzerland for their acts, and that they were firmly determined to maintain the independence of their country, and not permit any foreign intervention in their proceedings.

HUNGARY.—According to an official report, several thousand persons are in danger of dying from hunger before next spring. A demand for 50,000 florins was made upon the aristocracy, but only 8,000 florins were accorded; and yet that aristocracy takes all the wealth of the country, and keeps the people in slavery and misery.

ITALY.—Rome, Jan. 18.—On New Year's day all the people in Rome went in grand procession to pay their respects to the Pope. The Pope appeared on the balcony of his palace, and was received with an immense shout of joy. The vast multitude then knelt, and the Holy Father, with much solemnity and emotion, gave them his blessing, to which all the people cried, as with one voice, "Amen!" On the 13th instant, His Holiness preached a sermon in the Church of Saint Andre della Valle. It was the first time that a Pope had preached for three hundred years. His Holiness' sermon is said to have been very eloquent and affecting.

There have been some disturbances occasioned by the scarcity of corn and the consequent dearness of food. In Tuscany and Naples the discontent of the people is very great, and the Governments are continually in dread of an outbreak.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In reply to a question respecting Letters of Marque, under the Mexican flag, Lord Palmerston stated, on the authority of the Mexican Charge d'Affaires, that no person in England had been authorized to issue such letters. Foreign subjects abroad, the noble Lord added, were not amenable to be treated as pirates for being engaged in such an enterprise.

The distress is not confined to Scotland and Ireland; there is much at present existing in England. The high price of Provisions and the reduced stock of Cotton are amongst the causes that have aggravated the condition of the operatives in many of the large towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The cotton mills, under the influence of the present quotations of cotton, are working languidly. Mr. Bright is going to take up the question of the cotton crop, by moving for a Select Committee to inquire into the best mode of promoting the growth of cotton in India. Indeed there is a prevailing conviction that the days of cheap cotton are gone, and are not likely to return for an indefinite time.

The French Government has addressed a circular to its Consuls and Agents in Mexico, enjoining its subjects not to make use of the Mexican Letters of Marque.

The Bishop of Oregon, lately nominated by the Pope, is in Havre, about to depart for his destination.

Sweden has protested against the annihilation of Cracow. Snow at Stockholm was six feet deep.

Slavery is to be abolished in the Island of St. Bartholomew.

Among the passengers in the Cambria, was *Gen. Tom Thumb* whose receipts in Europe have been upward of $750,000.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

COTTON.—Report from January 30 to February 3, inclusive.—Since the publication of the weekly circular on the 29th ult., the market has been in a very quiet and rather dull position. The sales are limited in extent, and prices are rather on the decline. On the 30th ult., 6,000 bales, including 2,000 on speculation, were sold. On the 1st, 5,000 bales changed hands, of which speculators took 1,500. The business of the 2d, was estimated at 2,000 bales, 500 of which were taken on speculation. Yesterday we had a dull heavy market, with prices for American generally ⅛d. per lb. lower. Other descriptions remain, however, unchanged. The sales amount to about 4,500 bales, of which speculators took 2,500 American. The business consisted of 4,000 American at 8⅛d. to 7½d.; 200 Egyptian at 7d. to 7½d., and Surat at 4½d. to 4⅞d.

FROM TAMPICO AND THE ARMY.

A correspondent of the Delta, writing from Tampico on the 24th of January, says:—

The health of the troops, just arrived from the interior, could not be better, and although they have ended a tedious march, they are ready and willing to undertake another, at short notice, either to Vera Cruz or the "halls of the Montezumas."

One of the government steamships has ascended the Panuco some 75 or 80 miles, without meeting with any obstruction, and fruit and hide boats arrive here very often from many miles above there.

The encampment of Gen. Twiggs' command is immediately on the banks of the Panuco, three miles from Tampico, and to the right of the Victoria road. Generals Quitman and Pillow are quartered, for the present, on the same stream, though higher up, being within seven miles of Altamire, and ten of Tampico. Every thing here now is quiet, and all anxiously looking for the arrival of General Scott, whose presence, it is supposed, will be the signal for marching preparations. As I said before, it is impossible to say what will be done, but the general impression is, that the whole force will be moved on to Vera Cruz, and that it will go by land as far as Tuspan, if not the whole way. The pioneers have been working on the road for some distance in that direction.

A short time after the last of Gen. Quitman's division had left Victoria, the 1,200 lancers who were there when he first arrived, came into the town, purposing, no doubt, to take up their old quarters. As some of the members of that division remained behind for a time, and have not come up, it is supposed that they have been captured.

The rumor of the Yellow Fever being among the troops, brought by passengers from Tampico on the 31st ult., must, from the above account, be incorrect.

DEATH OF SANTA ANNA.

A correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, writing from Vera Cruz, says the rumor of the assassination of Santa Anna was current in that place. The Picayune also says:—

"By a gentleman who arrived here on Friday, a passenger on the brig P. Soule, from Havana, we learn, that the Mexican steamer Neptune arrived in Havana on the evening of Sunday, the 31st ultimo, from Alvarado, whence she sailed on the 24th of the same month. This steamer also reported in Havana that Santa Anna had been shot by his troops for opposing the seizure of church property. This looks like a distinct confirmation of the reports from Anton Lizardo, and from an independent source. Furthermore, the report received by the steamer at Havana adds that there was found among the papers of Santa Anna, a correspondence with the President of the United States. The Neptune arrived at Havana on the evening of the 31st ult. We have seen no papers from that city of a later date, and we believe none are now published on Monday morning, when the P. Soule sailed. We must wait, therefore, for another arrival, before we are able to say whether this be a mere idle rumor, or be truly a confirmation of the report we have before given."

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Monday, 3, P. M.—The market for breadstuffs is still quite unsettled. We hear to-day of sales of 2,000 barrels of Flour at $5¾, but have not learned of a single transaction in Corn Meal or Rye Flour, nor do we hear of anything like a fixed price for either.

GRAIN.—Pennsylvania red Wheat is held at 135c; and white at 145c. Corn, 77 a 80c., from store; from wagons 85 a 87c. Oats 40 a 43c. No Rye on the market.

WHISKEY.—No sales and no price fixed.—*Public Ledger.*

ARMY APPROPRIATION BILL.

This Bill has passed the House by a vote of 152 to 28. Mr. Winthrop's amendments were voted down.

A MURDER.—Mr. B. B. Hussey, who for some time past has been engaged as a Travelling Agent of this paper and other periodicals, was murdered at Dublin, (Ga.) on the 11th inst., by a person named John W. Gibbs, whom he had taken up on the road. On arriving at Dublin, they took lodgings at the same hotel and roomed together. During the night, Gibbs committed the atrocious crime, stabbing Hussey eighteen times with a large dirk knife.

Political Intelligence

LICENSE OR NO LICENSE.—In Warren county, in this State, an election was held, and every township except one voted for "*no license*" by large majorities.

In Tioga county the polls stood *for* 1,588, against 1,081—so that a majority of 507 appears for the licensing of liquor sellers.

LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans Election resulted in the choice of the Democratic candidates for the State Senate, as also of the candidate of the same party for Representative in the Third district. In the Fifth Representative district there appears to be a tie.

U. S. SENATOR ELECTED IN KENTUCKY.—The Whigs have succeeded in electing a Senator at last. On the 29th ballot Judge Underwood was elected, having received 84 votes.

Miscellaneous.

MESMERISM.—The Pennsylvania Inquirer of this city, says:—

"Mr. Loomis gave a private exhibition of Mesmerism and Clairvoyance in this city, on Saturday evening last, before a number of gentlemen. In one case a subject was mesmerised, and after the eyes and head had been carefully and closely bandaged by a Committee, pieces of paper were submitted with words written or printed upon them, and they were read in most cases with the greatest accuracy by the bandaged individual. The time of night by several watches was also accurately told, and various other experiments were performed with equal success, and to the astonishment of those present."

LOVE AND SUICIDE.—A young lady by the name of Richley, committed suicide at Ashbury, Warren county, New Jersey, on Saturday week. It appears that she was engaged to be married to a gentleman, but continued to flirt with another, which offended her intended husband, and he refused to have anything more to do with her. This produced such an effect upon her mind, that she jumped into a mill pond, and when her body was recovered, life was extinct!—*N. Y. Mirror.*

PROVISIONS.—While the people of Ireland are starving for want of the staff of life, we find the following quotations of prices in one of the principal towns of Iowa:

Burlington, Feb. 4.—Wheat 35 cents; Corn 12a 15 cents per bushel; Pork $1.50a$2.25; Oats 12 cents; Potatoes 20 cents per bushel; Butter 10 to 12 cents; Flour $3.25.

☞ Hear the outpourings of an honest heart in regret for the dilapidated condition of his unmentionables:

> "Farewell! farewell! old trousaloons!
> Long time we've stuck together—
> Variety of scenes gone through
> And braved all sorts of weather!"

OUR FATHER.—The most beautiful, touching, grand, yet simple piece of composition in our language, is the Lord's Prayer. Of the sixty nine words it contains, all but five are from the Saxon. So are the words home, wife, child, mother—indeed all the words expressive of tenderness.

SATISFACTORY.—"Mrs. Squiggs, how's your husband, this afternoon?"

"Well, the doctor says as how as if he lives till mornin', he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't live till mornin', he shan't have no hopes of him."

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. V. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawse.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering and Isaac D. Guyer*, in place of B. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Local Intelligence.

INTERESTING TO MERCHANTS.

The following account of a case now pending, in which a Western merchant is charged with obtaining goods under false pretences, is from the Public Ledger of this city:—

"At the instance of the Court of Quarter Sessions, during last term a bill of indictment was sent before the Grand Jury, charging Major Abner G. Daniel, of Kentucky, with obtaining goods under false pretences from several mercantile houses of this city. A true bill was found. A requisition from Gov. Shunk was obtained, and officer Maginnes, of the Recorder's office, was despatched to arrest the defendant. He proceeded to Kentucky, and the defendant was arrested by G. W. Donoghy, Deputy Sheriff of Boyle County. The prisoner was brought before Judge Bridges, of the Circuit Court, in Danville, Kentucky, and the warrant for his arrest from Governor Owsley was produced by the Sheriff as his authority for making the arrest.

"The defendant asked to be discharged, and a hearing was allowed the parties. On the part of the prosecution, it was proved that the defendant was the individual mentioned in the Governor's warrant, that he was a merchant, and that he was in Philadelphia in August, 1846, when he made large purchases. He sold about $5,000 worth of goods for a house and lot, and the sale was made while the goods were in *transitu*—and the house and lot were conveyed to trustees for the use of his wife and children. The defendant, it was alleged, had failed for a large amount, and made an assignment of his property (except the house and lot) to his creditors.

"The defendant produced proof of his character for punctuality in business before failure, and conducing to show that all his property had been conveyed in trust for the benefit of his creditors. The trustee was examined to show that the conveyance of the house and lot to his wife and children was in pursuance of a private agreement by letter to his wife before their marriage, which it was understood had been lost. This evidence, as well as that showing the condition of the defendant's property, was ruled out by the Court as being irrelevant to the subject. The case was ably argued on both sides, and the question turned entirely upon the fact of identity.

"Judge Bridges delivered his opinion, deciding in substance:

"That the warrant was in no respect defective, and that the act of the attesting Secretary was at least good and valid so far as the public and third persons were concerned.

"This proceeding is under the act of Congress of 1793, and the Kentucky act of 1815, and the question of identity was properly before him. That the Executive of the State has authority to call in the aid of the State officers in making surrender of fugitives from justice.

"That he has jurisdiction of the case as to identity only, and cannot go behind the inquiry directed in the Governor's warrant and the law. That it is a question of identity.

"The proof makes out the case, and the accused must be surrendered to the agent of Pennsylvania, which is ordered.

"And Mr. Daniel was surrendered to Mr. Maginnes, the agent of Pennsylvania.

"The case presented some interesting points which had never before arisen, and the determination of them are highly important to the business community.

"Mr. Daniel, on being brought to this city, was held to bail by Judge Parsons in the sum of $2,000, for trial on the bill which had been found by the Grand Jury. We learn that there are a number of similar charges pending, which are to be brought to an issue."

TURKEYS FOR BOSTON.—We understand that quite a lively trade has been carried on lately in the transportation of poultry from this city to Boston. Adams' Express has been the medium of conveyance. On Monday almost a hecatomb of fowls was sent off to several hotel keepers in the favored city, for the purpose of tickling the palates of the Yankees.

ST. AUGUSTINE CHURCH.—The corner stone of the new edifice, to be erected upon the ruins of the Church of St. Augustine, in Fourth Street, below Vine, destroyed by fire in the riots of May, 1844, is to be laid on the first Sunday after Easter next. Preparations for the ceremony will be made immediately after Lent.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 98—39 adults and 59 children.

DR. HOLLICK.—The jury in the case of this gentleman, brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In the Senate, on the 17th inst., the Vice President presented the petition of John A. Barry, a subject of Queen Victoria, and plaintiff in the celebrated Barry case, praying the extension of appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, so as to meet his case. This brought up the question whether a non-resident alien could petition the Congress of the United States. Mr. Webster contended that he could, and Mr. Calhoun took the opposite ground. Without any decision, the subject was postponed till the following day.

The Three Million Bill came up, and Mr. Chalmers gave the floor to Mr. Colquitt, for whom he had obtained it the day previous. Mr. Colquitt spoke at considerable length in vindicating the President from the charge of attempting to stifle debate or dictate to Congress through the columns of the Union.

On the 18th, the Three Million Bill was taken up. Mr. Butler made a highly interesting speech, principally in reference to the slavery question.

On the 19th, Mr. Calhoun made some interesting remarks in relation to the Wilmot proviso, predicting the most fearful consequences to the Union, should its principles be carried out, and concluded by offering a series of resolutions, of the following import:—

First, That the territories belonging to the United States are the joint and common property of all the States.

Second, That Congress, as the agent of all the States, has no right to make any law by which they shall be deprived of this full and equal right to any territory acquired or to be acquired.

Third, That any law which would deprive the citizens of any State from emigrating with their property into any territory of the United States, would be in derogation of their perfect equality, and a violation of the Constitution, and tend to subvert the Union.

Fourth, That the imposition of any condition upon a State in order for its admission into the Union, other than that its constitution shall be republican, would be in direct violation of the constitution, and conflict with the principles upon which our system rests.

Mr. Calhoun asked that these resolutions should be printed, which was agreed to. He also hoped that when taken up, Senators would be prepared to vote upon them, it was high time that the South should know where she stood.

Mr. Benton said he could not consent to neglect public business in order to consider such a string of abstractions.

Mr. Calhoun had hoped to have had the support of the Senator from Missouri in this movement.

Mr. Benton replied that he had never suffered the business of the nation to be neglected, for the purpose of throwing a firebrand into Congress.

The Naval Appropriation Bill was then taken up, amended and passed.

The Three Million Bill came up for consideration. General Houston had the floor, and spoke in defence of the Administration; he contended that in taking Texas, we took her war with Mexico, and were actually at war as soon as the annexation was consummated.

On the 20th, the bill for the exemption of the duty on books and philosophical apparatus, imported for the use of colleges, was taken up and passed.

The bill to organize ten regiments, and form them into separate brigades and divisions, and for other purposes, was taken up, and after various amendments laid over.

The Three Million Bill was taken up, and Mr. Simmons proceeded to address the Senate, chiefly in reply to the speech made by Mr. Calhoun the day previous. The latter gentleman briefly replied, and his remarks again met with a rejoinder from Mr. Simmons.

Mr. Sevier gave notice that on the next Wednesday he should ask for a vote on the bill.

On the 22d, Mr. Soule, of Louisiana, addressed the Senate, in a very interesting speech, strongly marked by his French accent; he went into a history of Texas from the time of its being in the possession of France, to show that the Rio Grande was its true boundary.

He expressed the belief that Vera Cruz would soon be ours, and was in favor of proceeding thence to the City of Mexico, if the overtures of peace were still refused. He condemned the line and course of policy pursued by Mr. Calhoun, and defended the policy of the President.

The Senate went into Executive Session and subsequently adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 17th inst. in the House, the bill to establish a new Territorial Government in Itaska was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, and after some time spent in consideration thereof, the Committee rose and reported the amendments to the House. Among them is one changing the name of the territory from Itaska to Missosta. The amendments were agreed to and the bill passed.

A bill was reported and read twice, to promote education among the indigent deaf and dumb.

Mr. McKay introduced a bill, which proposes to levy a duty of twenty per cent. upon tea and coffee; ten per cent on leaf sugar and other refined sugar; on coal, bar iron, manufactured by rolling, or pig iron; round iron, as Brazier rods of 3-16 to 10-16 of an inch in diameter, inclusive; nail and spike rods, slit, rolled or hammered sheet iron, hoop iron, hand or scroll iron, casement rods, slit, rolled or hammered, wood screws of iron, spikes, cut or wrought, and white and red lead. Five per cent on manufactures of cotton, if dyed, colored, printed or stained, exceeding in value 30 cents per square yard; and manufactures of cotton, not dyed, colored, printed or stained, exceeding in value 20 cents per square yard. The act to cease two years after peace with Mexico, but the amount to be collected on all goods imported before that day. That all lands belonging to the United States which have been in the market and subject to entry for not less than ten years or over fifteen years may be entered at $1 per acre; over fifteen years, and not over twenty-five years, 75 cents per acre, more than twenty-five years, at 50 cents per acre. The act to take effect (this part of it,) May 1, 1847, to continue during the war and for six months thereafter.

On the 18th, the bill to continue certain public works in Wisconsin was next considered, when many amendments, embracing the provisions of the River and Harbor Bill of the last session were proposed. Mr. McClelland moved to strike out all after the enacting clause and insert substantially the River and Harbor Bill, on this a long debate ensued, and several amendments to the substitute were proposed. The Committee rose without any action upon the substitute.

On the 19th, a joint resolution offered by Mr. M'Clelland was read three times and passed, granting certain unserviceable brass cannon, captured by Gen. Jackson, at Pensacola, to the Jackson Monument Association, to be used in the construction of a monument to Gen. Jackson.

The House then took up the private calendar, and considered and passed a great number of private bills; among them bills for the relief of the heirs of Daniel D. Tompkins and John Paul Jones.

On the 20th, the bill to establish a land office in the northern part of Michigan, and providing for the sale of the mineral lands, was taken up and passed.

The bill to continue certain public works in Wisconsin, with the substitute of Mr. McClelland, and some other amendments, (making it substantially the River and Harbor Bill,) finally passed the House by a vote of 89 to 72.

On the 22d, the bill making appropriations for the support of the Army and Volunteers, for the year ending 30th of June, 1848, was under consideration the whole day in Committee of the Whole. Speeches were made by Messrs. Winthrop, Pendleton, Darragh, J. R. Ingersoll and Collamer. The bill appropriates about thirty millions.

Mr. Winthrop offered as an amendment, three provisos—first, that the President shall only expend a proportionate amount of the 30,000,000 during each quarter of the time through which the bill runs; second, that all money unexpended when the next Congress meets shall be subject to their reconsideration and revocation; third, that the bill although sanctioning these appropriations, shall not be considered as sanctioning the acquisition of territory or the dismembering of Mexico.

Mr. Morris of Ohio, rose to a privilege question and charged the Committee on Public Lands with improper conduct in relation to a bill which had passed the House establishing an additional Land Office in Michigan, and for the sale of Wisconsin and Michigan Mineral Lands, but subsequently modified the charge, so as to include one member only, (supposed to be Mr. Collamer.) Mr. Collamer disclaimed any interest in the Mineral Lands, and an exciting debate ensued. A Committee of Investigation was moved, but without action the House adjourned.

General News.

PLAINFIELD BANK.—The Committee of the Legislature of New Jersey have made their report on the subject of the Plainfield Bank. The excess of Liabilities over even the nominal Assets is $18,933 90. The Committee states that the item of "$100,000 deposited in other banks," is a simple Ledger entry *without date*. The assets regularly entered upon the books amount to but $34,547 80. The $106,000 of the so called Williams & Ormiston notes, are not considered of the kind proper to be discounted by Banks. The Cashier produced $90 000 of different stocks, said to be collateral security, but the other officers knew nothing about it. The Directors were not qualified to act, not one of them being a bona fide stockholder. On the re-election of the Cashier in 1845, he gave no bond. The stock is divided into 2,000 shares, of which Moses Y Beach has 1,895 shares, nineteen other persons 110 shares, making a mistake of 5 shares. The Assistant Cashier, Mr. Robert Anderson, is exonerated from all blame.—*U. S. Gazette.*

OPENING OF THE CANALS.—These great avenues of trade will all be opened in a short time, if the present weather continues, and the immense stocks of flour and grain which have accumulated along their lines will more than fill the vacuum occasioned by the recent shipments to Europe. The Delaware and Raritan Canal will probably be opened in the early part of next week. The Harrisburg Intelligencer made inquiry at the proper quarters, and learns that the Canal Commissioners are making every exertion to open the Canals by the first of March, and that if no freshets should occur to produce breaches, they are confident that the several lines will be in order for transportation from the 1st to the 10th of March, certainly not later than the last mentioned day.

SELLING BY WEIGHT.—The Board of Trade of this city have recommended to our merchants generally the standard measure of 64 pounds as the weight for a bushel of clover seed, and 56 pounds for the bushel of corn, leaving wheat as it is, at 60 pounds.

The following table of the number of pounds allowed to the bushel of different kinds of grains, &c., may be a convenient reference to many. Wheat, 60 pounds; Beans, 60; Potatoes, 60; Rye, 56; Flax seed, 56; Onions, 57; Buckwheat, 52; Salt, 50; Barley, 48; Castor Beans, 56; Oats, 24; Bran, 20; Blue Grass Seed, 14; Dried Peaches, 33; Dried Apples, 22; Stone Coal, 70.

SLAVERY IN DELAWARE.—The House of Representatives of this State, on Friday week, passed an act for the gradual abolition of slavery in Delaware, by a vote of 12 yeas to 8 nays.

What course the Senate is likely to take upon the bill is not stated.

It is added that the Legislature has also passed a law, extending the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace to one hundred dollars. Also, a law to enable the people of each county to decide, by ballot, whether intoxicating liquors shall be sold within its limits.

ENORMOUS PECULATION.—The New York Tribune contains some extracts from the unanimous report of the Select Committee appointed by the last Legislature to investigate the causes which led to the great cost of the enlargement of the Erie Canal; by this report it appears that the people have been defrauded of millions of dollars by the dishonest practices of agents, contractors, engineers, and almost all others who had a hand in constructing these great State works. The report is to be published.

A HORRIBLE TASTE.—Thousands of persons from far and wide, congregated at Racine, (W. T.) on the 3d inst., to see Bonham hung, who has been under sentence for some time. The Sheriff announced to the assemblage that he had received from Governor Dodge a reprieve of the convict for thirty days; whereupon, the effigy of the Governor was carried through the streets, and hung as a substitute for Bonham. They call this the "hanging bee."

MILITIA LAW IN NEW JERSEY.—A supplement to the Militia Law has been reported in the New Jersey Legislature. It provides that every free able bodied white citizen between twenty-one and forty-five years of age, not attached to a military company, shall pay fifty cents fine for the support of volunteer companies; to be collected by execution from a Justice of the Peace. Members of the Society of Friends are exempted from the fine.

TO TEST THE WEIGHT OF GOLD COINS.—Thompson's Reporter gives the following test of the weight of gold coin, compared with American silver:—Half Eagle is equal in weight to 32½ cents silver; Sovereign is equal in weight to 30 cents silver; Napoleon is a shade lighter than 25 cents silver; X Thaler is a shade lighter than 50 cents silver; X Guilder is equal in weight to 25 cents; Doubloon is equal in weight to $1.

Casualties.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.

An unfortunate occurrence took place on the 19th inst., about half-past four o'clock in the morning, one mile below Guyandotte, Va. The new and splendid Cincinnati packet Isaac Newton, Captain A. G. Mason, one of the most powerful boats on the Ohio, ran into the California, a second class boat, rather slightly built, which was going down, heavily laden.

The I. N. was immediately backed, and the C. swung round. The Newton then ran up to her ladies' cabin, (fortunately no females were on board) made fast, and all hands used every exertion to save the persons and property on the California. She sunk in five minutes, and is a total loss. Very little saved. No insurance on the boat, and probably none on the cargo, which was mainly Pittsburg manufactures.

Six persons were picked up out of the river by the N., and all others on board saved, except six. Which boat was to blame, has not yet been determined.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

Another steamboat explosion has occurred on the Mississippi. The Medora left New Orleans on the 11th inst. Upon leaving Port Hudson next day, she burst her boilers, instantly killing Charles Martin, a fireman on the boat, and scalding severely fifteen or sixteen people, most of whom were passengers. Several were slightly scalded, among whom was the clerk of the boat.

Items of News.

NEW COUNTERFEIT.—The U. S. Bank Note Reporter says:—

"We caution our readers against the following dangerous counterfeit, which is well calculated to deceive:—3's, Bank of Amenia, N. Y., a fac simile of the original; the paper is rather coarse, engraving looks slightly blurred. The one we saw was signed by J. D. Hunt, Banker, letter A, No. 4050, dated May 1st, 1844."

GRAIN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charleston News says:—We have to record an unusual fact in the commerce of Charleston. A parcel of Wheat from one of our upper districts has been taken this week for foreign export. The News also says that a considerable portion of South Carolina, is adapted to the production of Wheat.

POTTSVILLE TELEGRAPH LINE.—The organization of the company for the erection of a telegraph line between this city and Pottsville being now complete, the posts will be immediately planted, and it is expected that the line will be in order to commence operations by the first of April.

SILK.—The King of Bavaria has authorized an association of ladies, formed for rearing silkworms and promoting the growth of silk within the kingdom. The Queen has taken the association under her patronage, and is to name the President. Its sittings are to be held at Munich.

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER.—The Columbia Spy of Saturday says—"The Susquehanna is entirely clear of ice. We understand that the scarcity of snow in the North will make it a matter of doubt whether or not lumber can be gotten out of the small streams."

IRON ORE IN WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD.—A correspondent of the Hagerstown News, states that the North Mountain, at the base of which Clear-spring stands, has been discovered to contain iron ore of a rich quality, and it is thought in great abundance.

A LEGAL DELIVERY.—Judge Strawbridge, of New Orleans, recently decided that the landing of goods on the Levee from a vessel, and a notice to the consignee to that effect, was a legal delivery under the Bill of Lading.

MORE VOLUNTEERS.—A married woman, in Fall River, *fifteen years old*, was delivered of a pair of twin boys last week. The *father is seventeen years old!* They are *all* doing well.—*Newport Daily News.*

LOST.—Forty-one vessels, chiefly freighted with bread stuffs for Great Britain, have been lost at sea since October. The New York Commercial ascribes this to overloading and bad storage.

THE HUTCHINSONS.—The Hutchinsons visited the State Prison at Charlestown, Mass., on Wednesday week, and sang several of their finest and most affecting pieces to the prisoners.

DIVISION OF VIRGINIA.—A late number of the Richmond Star contains an article on the necessity and probability of a separation of Eastern and Western Virginia.

GOOD PAY.—In a case tried in a Parisian court, recently, it came out that M. Alexander Dumas is paid fifteen sous a line for romances written for the newspapers.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—The dividend of the Albany and Buffalo Telegraph Company, for five months, was *three* per cent.—not eight, as first reported.

THE FAMINE.—The Dublin Evening Post says that it is certainly within the mark in stating that at least thirty persons perish daily from hunger in Ireland.

Religious News.

MISSIONARIES.—Rev. Moses C. White, of the New York Conference, and Rev. J. D. Collins, of the Michigan Conference, having been appointed to the Methodist Episcopal Mission to China, will probably sail in April.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS.—The Catholic Almanac states that the number of Catholic Priests in the United States is eight hundred and thirty-four, being an accession of ninety-eight in one year; also that there are eight hundred and twelve churches, seventy-two of which were erected this year.

Clippings.

☞ In the State of Georgia the manufacture of flour is steadily on the increase, and is said to be fast superseding northern flour. A few days since shipments of 550 barrels were made from Savannah for Europe.

☞ A fisherman in the Bangor (Me.) market had, on Wednesday week, the largest codfish ever brought to the market. It weighed ninety-eight pounds, and measured four feet eight inches in length.

☞ The Paris papers received by the Sarah Sands say: "We cannot estimate at less than 200,000,000 francs, the sum we must pay for corn from America, the Black Sea, and the Levant."

☞ A concert was given in the Tabernacle, New York, an evening or two since, at which five hundred children sang together. It must have been a sweet harmony.

☞ It is stated that Mr. Stephenson has invented a three cylinder locomotive engine, of which the power is so great that it starts off like an arrow from a bow.

☞ Six companies of the Virginia Regiment are till at Fortress Monroe, awaiting transports. There is said to be considerable sickness among them.

☞ The Des Moines Whig notices the suicide, by hanging, of a young man named Connell Groom, who had been married but one day.

☞ Oregon City is inhabited by five hundred souls, and contains eighty houses. Three years ago its site was occupied by a forest.

☞ The story of one of Mr. Ritchie's sons sending a challenge to Mr. Yulee, is without the slightest foundation in truth.

☞ The far famed Gretna Green of England is to lose all its romance by the introduction of the Magnetic Telegraph.

☞ The American Baptist Missionary Union has raised during the year $90,000, and sent out eleven new Missionaries.

☞ In Wisconsin, the bill for the abolition of Capital Punishment, has been defeated in the Senate by one majority.

☞ Flour receded seventy five cents per barrel in Boston on Saturday after the receipt of the Cambria's news.

☞ Four thousand German emigrants arrived at Galveston, Texas, during the quarter ending December 31, 1846.

☞ A London letter says that Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler has one or two plays on hand, written by herself.

☞ Snow has been seen in Florida only twice in twenty years.

☞ The steamship Cambria brought about two millions of specie to the United States her present trip.

☞ An effort is now being made in New York to afford relief to the starving people of Scotland.

☞ The total receipts of the Colonization Society during the past year were $39,000.

☞ The United States have formed treaties with no less than sixty-four Indian tribes.

From Harrisburg.

PENN. LEGISLATURE.

We have gleaned the following items from the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Legislature:—

Mr. McMinn submitted a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of so changing the laws relative to granting divorces as to confine the granting thereof to the Judiciary of the Commonwealth—which resolution passed.

The bill supplementary to the act authorizing the construction of an outlet lock at Wells' Falls, on the Delaware division, was taken up in the Senate, and on second reading Mr. Williamson moved to change the location of the outlet lock to Black Eddy, which was agreed to—yeas 17, nays 14.

A bill has passed to provide against damages from gun cotton. (This bill provides that no gun cotton shall be introduced into Philadelphia, or placed in storage therein, in greater bulk or quantity in any one place, than is permitted by existing laws regarding gunpowder; for any violation of this act all the laws in relation to gunpowder are to be enforced, as though the words "gun cotton" were in these laws.)

The Supplement to the Act incorporating the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which authorizes the municipal corporations in the counties of Philadelphia and Allegheny, the city corporations inclusive, to subscribe for shares in the capital stock of said Railroad Company, passed the House by a vote of 47 to 37.

The Speaker of the Senate read a communication from the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, enclosing a detailed account of the number and names, the time when convicted and pardoned, of pardons granted since the 21st of January, 1845, to February 6, 1847. The aggregate in this period is one hundred and sixty-one—a large portion of which were granted after the convicts had served their times out in the prisons, and were only for the purpose of restoring them to citizenship.

A resolution approving of the appropriation of $500,000 by Congress in aid of Ireland, has been passed by the House, yeas 80, nays none.

A Message was received from the Governor in relation to Ireland, recommending "the immediate passage of a law for the transit upon our public works to the sea board free of toll, of all bread stuffs and other provisions which the kind hearts and open hands of our citizens are providing for the relief of those upon whom the hand of affliction is so heavily laid."

The bill to annul the charter of the Lehigh County Bank has passed the Senate by a vote of 25 yeas to 2 nays. It only now needs the Governor's signature to become a law.

Bank Note List.

☞ Same as last week, with the exception of
Waynesburg, (Pa.) 1 dis.
Susquehanna county bank, (Pa.) 1½ dis.
West Branch, (Pa.) 1 dis.
Wyoming, (Pa.) 1 dis.
Relief Notes, (Pa.) 1 dis.

SUDDEN CHANGES.—There is nothing more trying to the human constitution than sudden changes of atmosphere. Heat rarifies the blood quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration; but when suddenly checked, these humors which should pass off by the skin are thrown off inwardly, causing coughs, colds, consumption, difficulty of breathing, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, fevers, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other complaints, the usual symptoms of catching cold.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a delightful medicine for carrying off a cold—because they expel from the body those humors which are the cause not only of the above complaints, but of every malady under heaven. Four or five of said *Indian Vegetable Pills* taken every night on going to bed, will, in a few days, carry off the most obstinate cold; at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified, that new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, wholesale and retail, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

GET RID OF THAT GOITRE.

Many persons labor under the mistaken idea that Goitre, (an enlargement on the throat, producing great deformity, and often death, from pressure on the wind-pipe and large blood vessels) is incurable. This is a very great mistake. The disease, as well as SCROFULA, are eradicated from the system by that pleasant, yet powerful medicine, JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE. It is certain to cure when properly used, so that the sun gives light and heat. All is wanted is a fair trial of its virtues, and the tumor will begin to diminish in size, and gradually become smaller and smaller until it entirely disappears.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION OF DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

Lowell, Mass., Jan 27th, 1844.

Dr. David Jayne—Dear Sir: I have used your medicine, (so universally known by the name of JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT) in my practice for a number of years, and can most truly say, that I have been more successful in the use of that as a mild, safe, and thorough EXPECTORANT, than of any which I have used. It is the best for the following obvious reasons: It does not (if given in proper doses,) occasion a disagreeable nausea. It does not weaken the lungs and prostrate the system, like most other Expectorants in common use, nor does it abate the appetite of the patient like other nauseating medicines, which have been used by the faculty. In a word it is nearly or quite the thing which has been sought for by many of the faculty for ages gone by.

I remain yours, &c. LUTHER BRIGHAM, M. D.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. feb 27 3t

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

REMARKS—Our merchants, generally, during the week, have been doing a good business. Breadstuffs and Cotton have suffered a slight decline, or rather holders have been more anxious to sell, fearing that the next arrival from England may bring news of a decline there. Groceries have advanced in price.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand since our last has been small, and chiefly confined to home consumption. Large quantities are daily arriving, and stocks are accumulating in our warehouses there not being sufficient shipping to carry it off. In the early part of the week, sales to the extent of 5000 bbls were made at $6,37½ per bbl. Prices have since fallen, and may now be quoted at $6,25, at which rate we hear of sales exceeding 6500 bbls. Several thousand barrels of Flour, to arrive, were sold at six dollars per barrel. 1000 bbls Rye sold since our last report, at $4,75, which is the ruling price. Corn Meal is rather drooping; we hear of some sales at our quotations, $4,75, but understand that lots to the amount of 12,000 bbls, to arrive, have been sold at $4,62½a4,50, to be delivered in all of March.

GRAIN—The market is nearly or quite bare of good Wheat. White is held nominally at $1,45a1,50; Pennsylvania red, to the amount of 5000 bushels have been sold at $1,35a1,40; Southern $1,25. There is no demand for Rye; small sales at 85 cts. The demand for Corn has been good, and sales to the extent of 45,000 bushels have been effected within the range of our quotations. Pennsylvania, hard, 95c. Southern 85a90 cts. Oats are in good request; 5500 bushels Pennsylvania have been sold at 44c. at which we quote; Southern 40c.

PROVISIONS—Pork continues in good request, with moderate sales. Mess is held at $15a15,50, and Prime at $12,50, at which prices sales have been made. Hams sell at 9½a10c; Shoulders at 7½ cts. 3000 kegs Western Lard sold at 9a9½c, closing at the latter price. Butter, common, sells at 9a10c. Cheese—Sales at 8c.

ASHES—Very little in market and no sales to report.

BARK—We hear of no sales of Bark. Quercitron, No. 1, is held at $35 per ton; 2d quality, $33. The present high rates of freight prevent shipments, and hence our quotations are nominal.

BEESWAX—Small sales of good yellow at 27½c.

BREAD—Articles quoted under this head are without change.

CANDLES—Sales of Sperm Candles at 27a28½ cts; Mould, 9½a12½c.

COAL—The demand that at present exists, is entirely for future delivery, at the opening of the navigation in the Spring. Sales of Lehigh, large, at $4a4,12½; Schuylkill, white ash, $3 87a4, and red ash at $4,25 per ton.

COFFEE—There has been an active demand for this article since, and prices rule higher. 3000 bags Rio sold at 8a8½c, and 500 Laguayra within our range.

COPPER—Sales of Sheathing at 22½c.

COTTON—Some holders have given way in their prices during the week, and we now quote ½c lower. Sales amount to about 600 bales New Orleans and Uplands.

DOMESTIC GOODS—The stock of goods on hand is very fair, and our jobbers are now fully employed.

DRUGS AND DYES—The week's sales embrace 200 bbls Roll Brimstone, at 3c per lb; 20 chests Bengal Indigo, $1a1,05.

FEATHERS—Sales of 7000 lbs Western, at 29a30c.

FISH—There is a moderate demand for Fish. Mackerel, No. 1, are held at $10—sales; extra No. 1, $11; No. 2 are $7a7,25; No. 3, at $5. The receipts have been large.

FREIGHTS—The demand for vessels for Europe is very active. Twelve vessels of various classes, are now loading at our wharves with produce and breadstuffs for Europe, most of which have been taken up at 8s. 6d. to 9s. per bbl Flour, and 24d a30d per bushels Grain.

FRUIT—1000 boxes Sicily Oranges and Lemons sold at $2,50a2,62½; 100 casks Currants at 12½ cts. Malaga Raisins are worth $1,75a1,80. Dried Peaches, halves, $1,75a1,87½ per bushel, and Apples, dried, $1a1,12½.

HIDES—A cargo of Laguayra arrived this week, which remain unsold, and have been stored.

IRON—The sales of the week exceed 6000 tons Anthracite Pig, at $36a39 per ton, to be delivered at the opening of the navigation. Our quotations are corrected to correspond with the present state of the market.

LEAD—No change. Sales at $4,55, on the usual credit.

MOLASSES—Since our last, sales of 1300 bbls West India have been disposed of on terms not made public, but supposed to be at a considerable advance. We have no sales of New Orleans to report, but what little there is in market, is held at 38c.

NAVAL STORES—Turpentine, Spirits, is held at 40a45c. Sales of 250 bbls at 44c. No other sales to report.

OILS—Sperm Oil sells at $1,08a1,09; Linseed at 78a79c; Whale 40a43 cents; Lard 75a80 cents.

RICE—Is in good demand. Sales at $4,50 per cwt, and will now command a higher figure.

SEEDS—Have advanced. Sales of 1800 bushels Clover at $5,25a5,50, principally the former price.—Flaxseed is worth $1,38a1,40, and Timothy $3a3,50 per bushel.

SPICES—Sales of Nutmegs at $1,30a1,38, and Pepper at 7½a7½c.

SPIRITS—We have no alteration in the price of Brandy and Gin to notice. Whiskey, which sold in the early part of the week at 30a30c for hhds and bbls is now selling at 28a29c, at which we quote.

SUGAR—Some holders ask an advance on former rates. Our quotations give a fair exhibit of the market. We notice sales of nearly 1000 hhds New Orleans at 7½ a8c; 1000 boxes Havana, brown, 6½c, and white 8¼ cts; 3000 bags and bbls Brazil, white, 7½a8c.

TALLOW—Is held at 8½a8½c. At former price sales have been made.

TEAS—In these we have no change of importance to note. Some small sales have been made at an advance on our quotations.

TOBACCO—Is without change. Sales of Kentucky leaf at former rates.

WOOL—The sales of the week have reached 100,000 lbs, at prices within our range.—*Bick. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

800 shares	Morris Canal,	12½a13
125 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	8½
43 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	40
35 do.	Kensington Bank,	46
13 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn	89
5 do.	Harrisburg R. R.	27½
$11,200	State 5's,	71½
$5000	U. S. 6's, 1856,	101½
$,000	Texas Tres. Notes,	14½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beef Cattle are in good demand. There were 1020 head at market, nearly all of which were sold, including 350 for New York, at $5,50a7, which is an advance of 50 cts per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—There were 280 head offered; Dry Cows sold at $9a15, springers $12a20, and Milch Cows at $18a30 each. Swine have advanced to $6,75a7 per 100 lbs—at which 280 head were taken. Sheep and Lambs—There were 1150 head at market, all of which sold at $1a3,75 each for Lambs, and $1,50a3 for Sheep, according to quality. Hay—Clover sells freely from the yards at 50a60c, and Timothy at 65a70c per cwt. Straw 6¼a6½c per bundle.

Baltimore, Feb. 19.—Beef Cattle—$3a4 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $6a7,75, and averaging $3,37½.—Hogs—Sales at $6,50a6,62½ per 100 lbs.

Richmond, Feb. 18.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,50a3,50; nett $5,00a7,00, according to quality. Mutton—$3,00a4,00—scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $5,50 wholesale, $6 retail.

NEW YORK MARKETS, Feb. 20.—Ashes are selling steadily at $4,87½ for Pots, and $5,50 for Pearls.

Cotton—The market is still fading. The sales are very small, but at declining rates.

Flour—The sales are quite moderate, only 2 to 3000 bbls a day, ranging from $7,12½a7,25 for Genesee and Western. Sales of 8000 bbls at $6, deliverable when the canal opens. Operators are giving 12½ cents for the privilege of taking Meal at $5,12½, and Flour at $7,25a7,50, after the steamers arrival, and on these conditions are taking all they can get. Georgetown, Baltimore and Alexandria is selling at $6,75a6,87. Meal at $5,12½a5,25. Rye Flour at $5.

Grain—Corn continues in brisk demand, and sales of 50,000 bushels to be delivered in a few days at 100 cts. There is but little Wheat at market, a good article of Genesee will bring 175c. Sales of Rye to arrive at 85c. Northern Oats 50 cts.

Whiskey—Sales of barrels at 28½c, and Dredge at 29 cents.

Hay is selling at 55a62½c.

Provisions—The market is rather quiet. Some sales of Prime Pork at $12,75, and Mess at $14.75. But little doing in Beef; sales of Prime at $8,50a9,25; Mess $11a12; tierces $14,50. Lard is selling at 10c. No change in Pickled Meats.

Hides—The market is very firm. Sales of 1200 Maracas 12½c. 2000 Southern 10c; 1100 Slaughtered damaged, at 5c.

Rice—Sales of 20 tierces at $4,25 for common.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 12th to the 20th February.

February 12, *received from*

R. Ashurst	$2 00	S. Pennington	2 00
H. Shade	1 25	J. Shaner	5 00
J. W. Gaskill	2 00	A. B. Crewet	2 00
J. P. Steiner	2 00	R. Davis	3 00
Rev. M. Brown	2 00	Mrs. M. H. Maury	4 00
A. French	2 00	R. H. McFaddin	5 00
J. Durnell	2 00	T. C. Cook	1 00
J. E. McIlhoney	2 00	L. Lee	2 00
W. Ogle	2 00	J. S. Quicksall	4 00
S. N. Allen	12 00	M. Brown	1 25
D. Browning	5 00	L. Bancroft	1 25
A. M. Rogers	3 00	Dewett & Beach	1 00
F. Marble	2 00	W. Hays	1 25
J. F. Brown	4 00	W. Kirby	1 25
A. Reid	15 00	S. D. Lawrence	26 00

February 13.

H. Blackman	2 00	T. Ewing	5 00
W. Scott	1 50	J. Harper, Jr.	2 00
R. G. Berman	11 00	J. Dowe	2 00
J. W. Bell	1 50	L. Z. Rohn	20 00
R. Kirkpatrick	5 00	P. T. Parsons	10 00
F. Rice	5 00	N. C. Duncan	5 00
Maj. M. Parks	6 00	W. B. Artman	2 00
Dr. J. Hancock	2 00	P. S. Noble	4 00
P. W. Allen	6 00	A. D. Cammer	2 00
A. Buckman	2 00	C. B. Little	2 00
Dr. W. H. Window	4 00	G. J. Dayton	5 00
G. Hunsaker	15 00	C. B. Bond	2 00
J. Holderman	2 00	N. T. Gowen	10 00

February 15.

T. W. Gordon	2 50	F. Mattocks	20 00
Dr. Elkinton	1 00	F. Baber	10 00
E. Richardson	2 00	W. Hill	5 00
J. P. Webb	2 00	J. L. Witten	2 00
H. L. Potter	10 00	J. Sips & Co.	5 00
J. C. Budd	4 00	W. H. Weld	72 00
D. Reed	2 00	R. Batchelor	2 00
J. Hawkins	2 00	W. S. Mallett	2 00
G. W. Beisel	2 00	J. Hearn	16 25
W. J. Brower	6 00	M. L. Hain	1 25
Mrs. M. H. Row	3 00	Mrs S. W. Stockton	8 00
M. Noel	5 00	P. Sturges	2 00
J. Anderson	10 00	B. D. Canles	15 00
W. R. Southward	2 15	N. G. Lupton	10 00

February 16.

Sallie Dunwoody	2 00	C. B. Baldwin	5 00
J. Wright	2 00	A. R. Carr	4 00
M. W. Spear	5 00	S. C. Wilton	2 00
L. Wms Crock	5 00	D. W. Keen	15 00
W. M. Smith	5 00	A. C. Dodds	2 00
D. Traphagen	5 00	W. B. Borr	2 00
J. Bird	2 00	N. P. Cooper	2 00
W. P. Sexton	2 00	P. S. Hatch	4 00
G. S. Lord	5 00	S. K. Marsh	2 00
L. S. Flint	20 00	L. W. Luther	10 00
R. D. Mix	2 00	G. S. Gorton	2 00
N. W. Norton	10 00		

February 17.

W. Wright	56 00	J. McGee	2 00
T. B. Tilton	1 50	Maj. D. McGee	2 00
D. White	5 00	J. L. Rolling	2 00
A. R. Kiny	5 00	B. F. Gardner	1 00
J. Stafford	5 00	Dr. J. W. Barcroft	2 00
W. Halbert	2 00	C. S. Hayman	20 00
B. Avent	5 00	P. L. Pinckney	5 00
J. C. C. Feaster	11 25	D. S. Walsh	2 00
J. Culles	15 03	N. C. Quincey	2 00
Susan Case	4 00	S. T. Talmadge	4 00
J. Paris	2 00	R. S. Tilghman	2 00
S. D. Bright	5 00	D. N. Morehead	3 00
J. Shultz	5 00	A. B. Colver	5 00

February 18.

R. Reed	2 00	L. Glessner	5 00
Miss M. Baldwin	2 00	Mrs. E. Roe	2 00
S. Usher	2 00	M. Brown	5 00
A. Warden	5 00	R. Weaver	3 75
J. A. Graves	2 00	S. A. Hoskins	3 75
G. S. Rowley	2 00	Miss P. Spencer	2 00
A. Scott	1 25	W. W. McLouth	10 00
B. A. Satterthwaite	5 00	C. P. May	2 00
C. M. Condict	5 00	D. Fagen	2 00
C. Powers	10 00	R. C. Miles	5 00
G. W. Henry	12 50	J. W. Averill	10 00
W. Thomas	2 00	E. W. Toney	10 00
M. Reeves	2 00	W. Rushton	1 00
W. M. Slater	5 00	W. Miller	5 00
J. R. Rohrer	5 00	H. K. Morse	5 00

February 19.

J. J. London	5 00	S. N. Maris	6 00
J. J. London	2 00	D. R. Murphy	2 00
A. Higginbotham	3 00	T. H. B. Jacobs	3 00
J. Sweeten	2 00	C. W. Pelt	20 00
J. T. Boyd	2 00	D. S. Risley	2 00
A. King	15 00	N. D. Stilley	2 00
H. G. Andrews	5 00	P. L. Hooten	10 00
M. Weston	5 00	W. G. Lewis	2 00
T. Severn	20 00	R. T. Taylor	5 00
M. Deese	2 00	N. S. Livesey	2 00
E. Jackson	2 00	C. O. Richards	2 00
Rev. A. P. Ludden	1 03	Miss W. D. Leeds	2 00
W. F. Fotterall	5 00	M. W. Morrell	15 00
Mrs. A. L. Duncan	2 00	C. K. Shull	2 00

February 20.

J. C. Pancoast	2 00	S. B. Burroughs	5 00
S. Roads	1 00	A. W. Willis	20 00
Mrs. E. B. Smith	2 00	N. T. Morse	10 00
B. L. Freeman	10 00	B. L. Jones	2 00
W. Dougan	5 00	C. W. Barton	2 00
Mrs. S. C. Cottin	4 00	A. N. Goldey	4 00
M. Knight	15 00	F. R. Crolley	4 00
M. Eager	2 00	W. S. Kaes	2 00
W. Hipkins	5 00	W. L. Tolbert	3 00
W. S. Peterson	2 00	E. P. Bartram	10 00
Mary C. Coleman	4 00	O. G. Cisley	2 00
A. M. McIver, Jr.	5 00	S. L. Bonnell	5 00
Miss T. Turner	2 00	S. W. Bunting	2 00
J. Dowees	2 00	C. G. Knight	2 00

DISEASES OF THE SKIN, THOUGH the remote or primary causes of this disease may be various, as impurity of the Blood, Liver Complaint, Scrofula, &c., &c., yet the immediate cause is always the same, and that is an obstruction in the pores of the skin, by which the perspiration, in its passage from the body, is arrested and confined in and under the skin, producing an intolerable itching, or an eruption of Pimples, Pustules, Ringworm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, &c., &c.

For all these affections Jayne's Alterative has been found an invaluable remedy, as it removes both the primary as well as the immediate causes—purifying the Blood, curing the Liver Complaint, and effectually eradicating Scrofula from the system, while at the same time it frees the pores of their obstructing matters, and heals the diseased surface.

☞ "THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON."

The following is from the Rev. John R. Corney, Jr.

Trenton, N. J., Oct 31st, 1846.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—I am extremely happy in being able to inform you that I have entirely recovered my health, from using your EXPECTORANT. I have suffered with a severe cough, pain in my breast, and great prostration of strength for the last eighteen months, so that I was compelled to relinquish my charge of a church which I held in this place. I had resorted to a great many different prescriptions, as well as the attendance of several respectable physicians, but they did not appear to reach my case. I resorted to your Expectorant through persuasion of Brother Parker Wood, and the use of three bottles has entirely cured me.

Believing it to be an act of justice due to yourself, as well as to those similarly afflicted, induces me to write this, and which you are at liberty to use as you may think proper. Respectfully, yours,

JOHN R. CORNEY, Jr.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. feb 13-3t

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON; W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK; M. BOULIMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

ALMANAC.

March, 1847.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
27 SATURDAY,	6 26	5 31	12 36	
28 SUNDAY,	6 27	5 33	1 18	D. H. M.
1 MONDAY,	6 26	5 34	1 47	
2 TUESDAY,	6 24	5 35	2 20	Full 1 9 30
3 WEDNESDAY,	6 23	5 37	2 50	Last 9 11 9
4 THURSDAY,	6 22	5 38	3 21	New 16 3 41
5 FRIDAY,	6 21	5 39	3 51	First 23 9 11
6 SATURDAY,	6 19	5 41	4 28	Full 31 3 47

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 14,	30	37	38
15,	31	43	47
16,	29	38	38
17,	35	42	47
18,	37	40	42
19,	33	35	36
20,	35	38	40

Married,

On the 18th inst. by the Rev E. S. Ely, D. D., Mr. GEORGE W. STEAD, to Miss ANNA POWELL.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. George Leacy, Mr. GEORGE L. THOMPSON, to Miss ELIZA W. KEELY, both of Roxborough, Pa.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Col. B. B. LOVE, late of Kentucky, to ELEANOR P. youngest daughter of the late Dr. John Fouke, of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. LEWIS HARRELLEN, formerly of Harrisburg, to Miss EVELINA M. DORNEY daughter of the late Philip Dorney, merchant, of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE ROOP, to Miss ESTER FOX, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 18th inst by John A. White, Esq. BENJAMIN GREGG, to Miss ANN WOODWARD, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Robert Gerry, Doctor TRACY E. WALLER, to Miss HENRIETTA JOSEPHINE, second daughter of the late Wm. Lungren, Esq. all of this city.

On the 11th inst by the Rev. George A. Durborow, ROBERT WALKER, to MARY MCNUTT, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev Daniel Dodge, ROBERT COULTON DAVIS, to Miss ELIZABETH B. BERGMANN, all of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stork, Mr. WM. H. BUSH, to Miss CHRISTIANA COPE, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. GEORGE W. SHAEFFER, to Miss PHILENAH JACOBS all of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Wm. L. Dennis, Mr. WM. H. SHUSTER, to Miss MARY A. NUGENT, both of this city.

Died,

On the 18th inst. JACOB C. MELCHER, aged 22 years.

On the 18th inst aged 68 years, Mrs. SARAH, widow of the late Capt. Wm. Phillips.

On the 18th inst. Mr. JOHN H. BRUCE, aged 29 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. MARY JANE CUMINS, aged 59.

On the 19th inst. HANNAH KENDERDINE, aged 68.

On the 19th instant, ELEANOR, daughter of Peter and Mary Ann McMahon, aged 4 years.

On the 19th inst. CORNELIA, daughter of Archibald and Martha Porter, aged 7 years and 2 months.

On the 19th inst. MARY EMMA, daughter of Isaac and Mary Ann Cox, aged 10 months.

ELIZABETH REED, aged 29 years.

On the 19th inst. EDWARD COFFEE, aged 55 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of Wm. Harvey.

On the 19th inst. DE WITT CLINTON, son of Isaac and Martha Bratten, aged 6 months and 8 days.

On the 17th inst. SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of W. and Eleanor Conn, aged 6 years.

On the 17th inst. JAMES BURR, aged 38 years.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. MARY ANN T. wife of Richard M. Staunton, about 18 years.

On the 16th inst. JUSTIN RABE, aged 43 years.

Suddenly, on the 17th inst. JOHN S. WATSON, aged 59.

On the 17th inst. THOMAS EDWARD, son of Thomas E. and Harriet Swain, aged 3 years and 4 months.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE ROWEN, aged 31.

On the 16th inst. JANE MCLANE, aged 37 years.

On the 16th inst. aged 20 years, REBECCA M. wife of Wm. Colfesh.

On the 16th inst. WM. MCMULLEN, aged 3 years.

On the 17th inst. EDWARD H. STRONG, aged 8 mos.

On the 15th inst. ELLEN F. MUNDAY, aged 6.

On the 17th inst. CAROLINE, daughter of F. W. and Caroline Miller, aged 7 years.

On the 18th inst. in the Borough of Chester, Pa. EMMERICH GOELTZ, aged 41 years.

On the 17th inst. Miss MARGARET FERNANDEZ, aged 32 years.

On the 18th inst. ROBERT, infant son of James P. and Elizabeth Rice.

A VALUABLE BOOK IN A SMALL COMPASS.

GEORGE S. APPLETON, 148 Chesnut street, publishes THIS DAY—

The Horse's Foot, and how to keep it sound, with illustrations, by William Miles, Esq. From the third London edition; 12mo, paper covers, 25 cts.

By those who have purchased the English Edition of this little work, the reprint is gladly hailed as a valuable aid to a better knowledge of the horse, and that seemingly slight but important duty, the shoeing of the horse.

In his preface the author states, that he does not intend this as a learned treatise, but solely to communicate in the plainest language, the result of years of observation and tedious experiment as to what mode of shoeing, system of stabling, and quantity of exercise, promised the fairest prospect of preserving the foot of the horse in soundness and comfort to himself, and usefulness to his owner for the longest period.

The author broaches no new theories in the art of shoeing,—amateurs' discoveries are, mostly, of small value. But he has availed himself of the labors of professional and practical men; and we have the result in this volume of 70 pages, which presents only those things that are practical, and renders a hitherto difficult and little understood subject familiar and easy. In but few books of so small a compass is so much useful knowledge condensed, certainly in no other work on the same subject. To every owner of a horse, it must be invaluable and amply repay its cost. 1t

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ALDERMAN AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

JOHN A. ELKINTON, No. 102 North FIFTH Street, takes depositions on rule of Court from all parts of the United States, and attends to every other branch of business of his line as a magistrate. feb 20-5t*

Phila., Feb. 20, 1847.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

THE first course of Lectures in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania on the 14th inst., will be commenced on MONDAY, 15th March, 1847, and be continued four months, by the following Professors:

Thomas D. Mitchell, M. D., Theory and Practice of Medicine, Midwifery and Medical Jurisprudence, Fee, $15

William H. Allen, A. M., Chemistry, 15

J. R. Burden, M. D., Materia Medica and Therapeutics, 15

James M'Clintock, M. D., Anatomy, Physiology and Surgery, 25

S. Gore White, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy, Matriculation Fee, $5. Graduation, $30. Fee for any single ticket, $15. Students who have attended two full courses in other incorporated Colleges will be furnished with tickets to the course for $40.

The requisitions for Graduation are the same as those in the University of Pennsylvania.

The course of instruction in Practical Anatomy will be commenced on 1st March, 1847. Fee $10.

For further information apply to

JAMES M'CLINTOCK, Dean.
1 North Eleventh street.

Philadelphia, Jan 28, 1847. feb 20-3t

A VOLUNTEER WITNESS FOR JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—John Van Valkinburgh, Esq., writes to Dr. Jayne, Sept. 28th, 1846, and says: I would cheerfully accept of an Agency for the sales of your Family Medicines, because I feel satisfied, that if I had not taken your EXPECTORANT, I should before this day, been in my grave. In the month of August, 1845, I had a very severe attack of Typhus Fever and inflammation of my Lungs, which reduced me very low. In a few days after my fever had left me I began to gain strength; I had a bad cough, and raised large quantities of matter from my lungs or stomach. As my strength increased, my cough also increased. I told my physician that I wanted to take your Expectorant. He thought it was not best. He made some Syrup for my cough, which I took for two or three weeks, but it done me no good. My cough still increased so much, that my stomach and lungs felt as if they were all raw, there was such a soreness. I raised a very large amount, and it appeared to me that I was as bad off as many people I have seen in the last stages of Consumption. I finally concluded that I had the Consumption, and that I could not live but a short time. I, therefore, determined to be my own physician. I sent to Catskill for half a dozen bottles of your Expectorant, and commenced taking it, and in less than twenty-four hours there was quite a change in my feelings, and before I had taken two bottles of it I was restored to my usual health.

I sold two or three bottles of it to a lady in this place. She has told me within two weeks that she believes that it had been the means of saving her life. If you think what I have stated to be worth publishing, you are at liberty to do so. Respectfully yours,

JOHN VAN VALKENBURGH, P. M.
Lexington, Greene county, N. Y.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. feb 20-3t

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R. SEARS, *Editor and Publisher*, No. 128 Nassau street, New York City, would respectfully inform the patrons of the Pictorial Family Magazine, and the public generally, that he will devote the numbers for the present year, commencing in January, to a PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE UNITED STATES, containing an Historical and Descriptive account of each State of the Union, its Cities, Towns, &c., &c., with upwards of ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS, illustrative of AMERICAN SCENERY, &c., &c., making at the end of the year a large octavo volume of about 560 pages, at the unprecedented low rate of only ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF a year, current funds, remitted free of postage, and paid in advance.

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feb 6-tf 128 Nassau street, New York

HARDWARE.—MOORE, HEYL & Co., No. 139 MARKET street, Philadelphia, are now receiving a large supply of American and English Hardware and Cutlery, direct from the manufacturers, to which they would invite the attention of buyers visiting our city. They confidently assert that their long experience in the business, together with the facilities afforded by abundant means, will enable them to offer great inducements to purchasers both as to prices and extensive stock. [130 4m

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BERKSHIRE, Vt., Oct. 22d, 1845.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla, I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I Shaw by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with the Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.

Yours, truly, WM. GALUSHA.

LEGATION UNITED STATES,
BERLIN, PRUSSIA, April 8 1846.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having seen your Sarsaparilla used in this city with great effect in a severe case of Scrofula, I have been requested to order three dozen bottles, which please send on the payment of the enclosed draft on Messrs. Howedon & Hurlbut with the *least possible delay*. I am inspired only by a feeling of philanthropy, in begging you to publish this unasked testimony to the value of a medicine which, widely as it is known, is not known as it ought to be.

I am, gentlemen, respectfully, yours, &c.,

THEODORE S. FAY

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

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CURED BY DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

The Original and Genuine Preparation!

50,000 Deaths by Consumption

Would perhaps be a small estimate for the ravages of this dreadful disease in a single year; then add the fearful catalogue of those cut off by Inflammation of the Lungs, Hemorrhage, Asthma, Coughs, Influenza, Bronchitis and other diseases of the

LUNGS AND LIVER,

And the list would present an appalling proof of the fatality of these two classes of diseases.

But it is important to know that nearly all of this dread waste of human life might have been prevented by a timely use of

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This medicine has now been before the public some eight years, and is the original preparation from the Wild Cherry Tree. Its reputation as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption of the Lungs, based entirely upon its intrinsic merits, owes but little to inflated newspaper puffs. Those who give it a trial, being benefited by it, recommend it to their neighbors, and thus gradually and surely has it gained an enviable reputation and walked its way into general use. One bottle never fails to cure a recent Cough or Cold, while, with strict attention to the directions that accompany each bottle, its use in Pulmonary diseases of long standing and of the most alarming character, has always given relief, and in very many instances has effected complete and permanent cures.

☞ TESTIMONIALS WILL NEVER CEASE. ☜

Philadelphia, Sept. 4, 1846.

Dr. H. Swayne—Dear Sir—Being for a length of time afflicted with a very violent cough, with pain in my side and breast, soreness of the lungs, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, night sweats, &c., I made trial of various remedies, which were recommended highly in the papers, but gradually grew worse. The violence of my cough was such, that the blood rushed profusely from my nostrils, when the paroxysms of coughing came upon me; indeed, my whole system seemed prostrated, and the hour of my departure seemed near at hand. At this time you recommended the use of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, which immediately began to soothe, comfort, and allay the violence of my cough, relieved the pain in my side, strengthened and healed my lungs, &c. I continued the use of it; but now, thanks to God, and to the effects of your COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, I am cured, and able to pursue my daily labor. I think it an invaluable medicine in Coughs, Colds, and Diseases of the Lungs, and one that should be known to all afflicted. If persons would purchase the original and genuine article, as prepared by you, and not tamper with the many spurious and worthless preparations which are attempted to be palmed off on the reputation of yours, it might be the means of saving many valuable lives. I freely offer this statement for the benefit of those who are suffering as I was. EZEKIEL THOMAS.

In Thirteenth st., 2 doors from the corner of Willow.

Mr. Thomas' case, above alluded to, was a very severe one, and his residence is within the reach of all, so any one can call and have the above substantiated by a personal interview.

ANOTHER LIFE PRESERVED.

Philadelphia, Sept 28, 1846.

Dr. H. Swayne—Dear Sir—Having seen the astonishing cure performed on Mr. Thomas by your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, I was induced to try it on myself. I was taken with a violent cough spitting of blood, shortness of breathing together with violent attacks of asthma; I had overdone myself from exertion which I was not able to perform, which prostrated my system to a great extent. I commenced the use of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry which gave me almost immediate relief, and I am glad to give my testimony to all who may be afflicted in a similar way. It will be well to see that the signature of Dr. H. Swayne is on each bottle of Wild Cherry. WM. B. WALTON,

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CAUTION TO INVALIDS AND STRANGERS.

The Wild Cherry Tree in all ages of the world and in all countries where it is known, both among civilized as well as savage nations and tribes, is justly celebrated for its wonderful medical properties. This, combined with many other valuable vegetable extracts, and prepared by a skilful physician, who possesses the advantages of the experience and practice of his profession of nearly a quarter of a century, must be a valuable acquisition to those who are laboring under any of the dangerous diseases of the Lungs so common in our climate. Such a preparation is Dr Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

Attempts have often been made by unprincipled individuals to impose upon the community a spurious article. Stealing nearly the whole of the name of my preparation. To fully guard against such *base* and *palpable imposition*, the public should shun all preparations purporting to contain *Wild Cherry*, except that bearing the signature of DR. H. SWAYNE on each bottle. The name of DR. SWAYNE in connexion with the *Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* has never yet been counterfeited. So if persons would bear in mind the name of DR. SWAYNE they may be sure of obtaining the original and Genuine Article.

The (original and only) genuine article is prepared by DR. SWAYNE, corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia, and for sale by agents in all parts of the United States. d19-3m

Selected Poetry.

THE DOVE.

[The following beautiful poem appears to have been written as a reply to Mr. Poe's "Raven." It is the production of a female correspondent of the "Friends' Intelligencer" of this city.]

"Twas midnight! silence, dark and deep!
And calmly I had counted sleep,
When soon with pain, with anguish torn'd,
Hope, faith and patience, nearly lost,
I heard a sound, a gentle sound,
Breaking the solemn stillness round,
A gentle, soft and murmuring sound,
Making the silence more profound.

I hushed my breath—again it came;
My heart beat faster—still the same
Love, gentle summer met my sou,
Approaching nearer and more near;
A single sound, yet soft and clear,
And strongly fraught with memories dear.

A flood of silver and silver light
Then burst upon my captured sight,
Filling my little chamber quite,
And in that light a bird was seen;
Not "grim and black, with ruffled mien,"
But purely white and beautiful,
With look so mild and dutiful;
A lovely bird with plumage white,
In that calm, still, and clear moonlight!

Floating a moment round my head,
It rested opposite my bed,
Beside a picture lovelier
Than Heathen Gods, and holier,
Two innocent babes, whose sinless eyes
Beguile them still in Paradise—
Whose loving, soft and gentle eyes,
Tell where that land of beauty lies.

There sat the radiant, white-winged bird—
I listened, but no sound I heard—
And then I spoke—"Sweet bird," I said,
"From what far country hast thou fled?
Whence cam'st thou?—and why cam'st thou here?
Can'st thou bring ought my soul to cheer?
Hast thou strange news? Speak, gentle dove!"
And the bird answered, "God is love!"

"They tell me so," I faintly said,
"But joy has flown and hope is dead,
And I am sick and sad and weary,
And life is long and dark and dreary—
Think not thy words my spirit move!"
Still the bird answered, "God is love!"

"Some dearly loved are far away,
And some who fondly near me stay,
Are sick and sad and suffering,
While I am weak and murmuring.
Each for the other grieves and pines
To stay the tears that fill his eyes—
Why comes not comfort from above?"
Firmly but mournfully, the dove
Distinctly answered, "God is love!"

I started up—"The world," I said,
Though beautiful it once was made,
Is full of crime and misery now;
Want sits on many a haggard brow;
The monster wields his bloody sword,—
Slaves tremble at the tyrant's word,—
Vice honored—virtue scorned—yes me—
Why are these ills allowed to be?"
He raised his head—that soft-eyed dove,
As though my boldness he'd reprove,
Then bowed and answered, "God is love!"

"Forgive," I said, in accents mild,
"I would I were again a child,
I've wandered from the heavenly track,
And it is late to journey back;
My wings are clipped, I cannot soar,
I strive to mount, but o'er and o'er,
My feeble wings I raise in vain—
I falter—sick, and fall again!"
In low but earnest tones the dove
Still softly murmured, "God is love!"

"Then mov'st me strangely, wondrous bird!
My soul is strongly, deeply stirred—
My heart grows lighter—may I will.
My mission upon earth fulfil,
Proving my love to God sincere,
By doing all my duty here?
Shall past omissions be forgiven,
And shall the weary rest in Heaven?"
He spread his wings, that radiant dove,
And cheerly answered, "God is love!"

"Thanks, heavenly messenger," I cried,
"Remain that picture still beside;
Surrounded by the light of truth,
Companion meet for sinless youth,
Thou blessed type of Love and Peace;
My Hope and Faith thou'lt still increase.
Be ever near me, gentle dove,
I know I feel that 'God is love!'"

Bristol, 1st mo. 11th, 1847.

Original Essay.

PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[As we expressed ourselves favorable, some weeks ago, to the main principles of a Bill then before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, entitled an "ACT TO SECURE TO MARRIED WOMEN THE USE AND ENJOYMENT OF THEIR OWN PROPERTY," we do not feel at liberty to refuse an insertion to the following calm and able written article upon the subject. We would add, however, for the information of our readers, that the Act in question was negatived by a decided majority. Passing over some preliminary remarks of our correspondent, we shall begin at once with his arguments:—]

First. I think such legislation would be unjust to the husband in depriving him of the use of the wife's property, whilst subjecting him to her pecuniary liabilities. No matter what may be the amount or nature of the wife's indebtedness, the marriage, *ipso facto*, renders the husband responsible for the whole. Moreover, he is bound to support her during the coverture. Whatever indebtedness she may incur for her necessary and reasonable liberal maintenance, he is to discharge. Would the contemplated legislation, then, be "so fair and reasonable," as you suppose, without making provision for the husband's exemption from these liabilities? I leave you to infer the character of the legislation necessary to effect this discharge of the husband, and the consequences resulting from interference with this delicate relationship. Under present circumstances, if the wife incur a debt, the husband must look to its payment he must face the sheriff, give the bail, or repair to prison. He must go into court to contest the justice of the claim; he must fee the lawyer, and abide the "law's vexations." The wife sits snugly at home she is not separated from her little ones her visits are still paid her shopping is uninterrupted. The domestic hearth is not invaded by the rude presence of the bailiff the domestic routine is not broken up by the jangling of counsel and the "weight of the authorities." But reverse the picture the law gives the wife the sole "use and enjoyment" of her own property and, as the equitable concomitant of this privilege, renders her primarily liable for her own debts and maintenance. She buys a hundred dollar bonnet or a five hundred dollar shawl pay-day rolls around she is unable to discharge the debt her husband is not, and ought not to be, under such a law, responsible the creditor is forced to begin suit, where now are the vast advantages of the proposed system? If one lady out of twenty, on an average, after going through the turmoil and vexation of a *single suit*—after facing sheriffs and constables, lawyers and judges—would not surrender her separate "use and enjoyment" and petition for the repeal of this law, they possess more fortitude and philosophy, than with all my admiration for "the fairer and better half of creation" I am disposed to attribute to them.

Secondly. If the principle be "so fair and reasonable," when applied to the wife's separate property, it must be so when applied to her *separate earnings*, and this would involve the same injustice to the husband. It would deprive him of the proceeds of her labor while he would be bound to support her during the performance of that labor.

Thirdly. It would occasion innumerable jealousies, heart-burnings and strife; and open a wide door to litigation. In how many instances would it be impossible to distinguish the property of the wife from that of the husband, even where they alone might be concerned, and how greatly would those difficulties be increased when others should become interested—creditors—heirs—legatees. It seems to me that such a law would have a strong, if not certain tendency to destroy all conjugal harmony.

Fourthly. Such a law would inevitably operate to produce frauds. The creditor seeking to subject his debtor's property to the satisfaction of his claim, would be met by the counter-claim of the wife, too often fraudulent: the fair dealer seeing him with whom he was about to trade in the ostensible possession of property, would trust him on the faith of that possession the revenue officer, distraining for his taxes, would seize upon property claimed by the wife: and in all these and many more cases, law-suits would arise, tending to destroy the peace of families and compromise the characters and feelings of our wives, our mothers, our daughters.

Fifthly. Before such a law should be adopted, it ought plainly to appear that the wife is a safer depository of her property than the husband. Much has been said, and many fictitious will be uttered by the same tribe, about heartless husbands wasting the estates of their wives; but I have yet to learn that such heartless husbands exceed the number of unfeeling wives. It will doubtless hardly be contended that the education and mode of life of females are better calculated to produce skillful financiers than those of their fathers, husbands and sons.

Moreover the laws now afford sufficient protection to the wife, if the necessary steps be taken to invoke that protection. The English Courts, the Supreme Court of the United States, and the courts of all the States, so far as I am advised, recognize the validity of marriage settlements, and always sustain them, when untainted by fraud and unaccompanied by anything which may militate against the rights of others. The execution and registration of a trust deed will deprive the husband of all power to appropriate his wife's personal property to his own use; and the laws of all the States, I believe, disable him from claiming her real estate except by her own consent.

When a wife becomes entitled to property after her marriage, in almost every instance, the husband has to apply to a Court of Equity to obtain that property; and under such circumstances the principle of the English chancery is to refuse him relief until he secures a reasonable portion for her benefit. How far the courts of other States have adopted this practice I am unable to say: but the Court of Appeals of Virginia lately carried that doctrine to its fullest extent in the interesting and important case of Browning vs. Headley, (2d Robinson's Reports 340.)

It seems to me, therefore, that such a law as that now pending in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, is not only unnecessary but dangerous. Nothing but this belief would reconcile me to an opposition to anything purporting to be for the benefit of the ladies; but sincerely imagining that this law would prove injurious alike to them and to society at large I oppose it, although I am truly a

LADY'S MAN.

Selected Sketch.

AN AFFECTING TALE.

McCulloch Rangers, after a hard day's ride, had bivouacked one night last summer in a beautiful mesquit grove between Reynosa Viejo and Camargo, a barranca protecting one side of the encampment from a surprise, while the steep banks of the Rio Grande served the same purpose on the other. The horses had all been watered, fed and curried, the first relief of the guard posted, and the Rangers, after drinking their coffee, were reclining about on their blankets, spinning long yarns of their adventures, when Bill Dean told a story that wound up the entertainments of the evening, in theatrical parlance, and caused an outbreak at the termination that came nigh stampeding the entire cavallada. Bill had joined McCulloch's men for the trip, and the recollection of his humorous tale about chasing the prairie fire a mile and a half, trying to cook his horse meat, secured him a most patient hearing.

Those who know anything about the emigration of Germans into Texas, are well aware that thousands of them have made Indian Point, near Port Lavaca, a grand rendezvous before leaving for the interior settlement of New Braunfels, or the frontier stations on the Pierdenales, the Llano, or the San Saba. Bill said that he visited the Point last spring, when some five thousand Germans were encamped there, and was present at one of the most thrilling and heart-rending scenes it had ever been his lot to witness. So far as his individual knowledge went, neither ancient nor modern history made mention of any case which might be considered as any where near parallel.

Among the emigrants, remarked Dean, was a young, pretty, red-cheeked girl, the pride of the party, who strolled out alone one day, to gather wild flowers in the chapparel. Her ramblings carried her farther than she intended, and when she turned to retrace her steps she found that she was lost, poor thing—bewildered and perplexed in a tangled maze. In vain she strove to recollect the position and bearings of the camp she had left, all so joyous, a short hour before—reason had fled its throne. In an agony of doubt she ran to and fro in the chapparel, every step taking her farther from her friends, and darkness at length found her completely exhausted, and crazed with thoughts of Indian peril and of starvation. Her sufferings during that dreadful night, continued Bill, you must fancy for yourselves—I shall not attempt to depict them.

With the early morning light she was again on her feet. She gazed in every direction, she ran in every direction; but no sight of her friends gladdened her longing vision. While thus engaged she was discovered by a Mexican girl, whose father had a small rancho some five miles from the Point; and now when succor was at hand the lost one fled at its approach. The Mexican girl called upon her in soothing terms; but she heeded her not. The former then went to her father hard by, and told him that some poor straggler from the camp of the stranger was in the bushes, and to all appearance lost and bereft of reason. The old man mounted his horse, went out in search, and soon came up with her; but she fled at his approach as from one of the wild denizens of the prairie. The old man, in the kindness of his heart, with soft accents attempted to arrest her flight: she understood, she heeded him not. He knew that she must belong to the German camp, that she was lost, that she was crazed, and he determined to rescue her. Coiling the *lariat* or leather rope which hung to his saddle in his hand, he set off full speed after the bewildered and frightened fugitive threw it gently over her head, and thus checked her flight. To call his daughter thinking that she might better assist in soothing the poor girl, was his first impulse; together to proceed with her to the camp of her friends, and deliver her safely to those who must be but too anxious for her, was his second.

Great was the joy of her relatives, gladdened were the hearts of all who knew her, as she was brought into camp; but soon those emotions were changed to bitter sorrow, as one by one they discovered that the fairest flower among the emigrants was crazed. The sweet caresses of her mother and sisters she answered only with a vacant stare; the kind offices of those who crowded around were uncared for, unregarded. Her half-frantic lover, as he uttered words of comfort and endearment, was answered with a look that told plainly she recognized him not, that he was forgotten. Restoratives of every description were resorted to, but without effect. A favorite little dog, as he wagged his tail in joy and endeavored to lick the hands of his mistress in token of gladness at her return, was spurned as a stranger. Songs that she had loved in childhood fell in soft cadence upon her ear; yet she heeded them not. Presents from her lover—gifts that she had treasured in her heart of hearts—were passed over as idle toys. Her once bright eye, so full of intelligence and life, was now glazed, vacant and lustreless—her round, full face, once so radiant with intellect, was now a meaningless blank—and as her friends gazed upon her they wrung their hands in sorrow, and with sad misgivings that the reason of the poor girl was lost forever.

At length, continued Bill, an elderly matron left the melancholy group, and started off as if intent on making one more effort at restoring the crazed one to her senses. Presently she returned, with a large plate of hot, smoking sour crout in her hand. Kneeling her way in among the sorrowing crowd she presented the dish to the girl, and—

"And with what effect?" ejaculated a Ranger who had been listening all the while, and who now dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye.

"With what effect?"

"As touching!" slowly ejaculated the wag. "It brought her right to; just like a shot; and the way she shived into that crout showed that twenty-four hours' hard exercise in the chapparel was a great help to the appetite!"

* * * * * *

It took at least twenty minutes to collect the scattered heroes that broke their ropes when the laugh that succeeded this termination to a sad story first burst upon them.—*N. O. Picayune.*

LINES FROM THE GERMAN.

Sorely they have neared me,
And vexed me early and late,
Some with too much loving,
Others from downright hate.

They poisoned the drink in my cup,
They poisoned the bread I ate,
Some with too much loving,
Others from downright hate

But she who most has grieved me,
Who saddened and changed my fate,
Alas! she never loved me—
She did not even hate.

Humorous Sketch.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONEY ISLAND FARMERS' CLUB.

[We find in the "Yankee Doodle," the following good burlesque on the meetings of those very useful institutions—Agricultural Societies and Clubs.]

The regular monthly meeting of the club was held last night at the rooms of the Institute. There was an unusually full attendance of members, and the proceedings, as will be seen by the report below, were highly interesting and possessed a degree of practical importance seldom attained even in the periodical gatherings of this valuable association.

After the minutes of the last meeting were read, Mr. GREENGRASS exhibited a fine Thistle weighing seven and a half ounces, raised from the seed on his farm at Muscbiill Bay. Mr. G. said he had long been impressed with a belief of the value of the thistle as food for animals, and twenty years ago he had made some experiments to ascertain the amount of nutriment it contained; he had collected half a dozen fresh healthy plants, and offered them successively to all the domestic animals, from the cat to the horse; but with an obtuseness of taste which he could not account for to this day, they had all declined to partake of them. The dog at first seemed disposed to try them, but, owing to his habit of smelling every thing before tasting it, some of the prickles had tickled his nose and he could never prevail on him even to smell them again. Having made up his mind, however, that thistles would be an excellent substitute for grass, he determined to persevere till he could prove it to the satisfaction of his neighbors, who were all sceptical, and some of whom even began to laugh at him. Recollecting that he had seen, when a boy at school, a picture of an ass eating thistles, he resolved to try the experiment on one of these exemplary quadrupeds. Accordingly, after considerable trouble and expense—for asses were not so common on the island in those days as they are now—he procured one, and to guard against failure from his having been too highly fed, he shut him up in the stable for a week, without food of any kind, and with nothing to drink but a bucket of water with a little Stoughton Bitters in it, by way of stimulating his appetite: at the end of that time he took him out, and, in order to arrive at exact results, had him accurately weighed. His weight was then 132 lbs. 3 oz. To make the experiment still more striking, he drove two posts in the earth, so near together that the ass could just pass through without touching either; he then placed two thistles weighing 12 oz. before him, and to his, Mr. G.'s unspeakable joy, he began to nibble, and finally to eat them with evident relish. As soon as they had entirely disappeared, he was again weighed, 133 lbs. 14 oz. being put into the scale, when the ass immediately kicked the beam, thus clearly showing that every part of the thistle is nutritious, as the whole 12 oz. had been added to his muscular power. He was then led up to the posts but could not be forced through, although there was a strong inducement for him to make the effort, held out in the shape of a thistle, a little beyond. From the result of this experiment Mr. GREENGRASS considered the thistle a valuable plant, and destined at no distant day to occupy a high rank among the agricultural products of the land. Mr. G.'s remarks were listened to with the greatest interest throughout.

Col. RAPSUP would like to know what kind of soil was best adapted for thistles; three years ago he had put down some seeds but they had not yet come up, although in the same lot he had raised sixteen blades of grass to the acre; he thought the soil of the island too rich and that a sandy one would be best.

Mr. WINDLAY asked how deep they had been planted. Col. R. said he couldn't tell exactly, but he reckoned about three feet. Mr. W. said that was hardly deep enough, as the wind would be likely to affect them; he would recommend digging down three feet and a half and then using the subsoil plough.

General KNOWLEDGE said that in Canada, the poorest kind of soil was considered good enough for them; they were raised there in good abundance; he had also seen them flourish in the Roman Campagna and in the Highlands of Scotland; he would add likewise, that when in Rome he had seen the celebrated statue of a boy plucking a thistle from his foot.

Mr. SLIMY BAGGS said the use of the thistle as food was very old; in the days of Æsop it was very common for asses to eat them, and that philosopher had made one of his best fables out of the fact. He had no doubt he would also find something about it in Pliny, the younger, if he only had time to look it up; he would also add for the information of the Club, that he didn't know the botanical name of the thistle they had been talking about all this blessed time, but the latin of the blessed thistle was, whatyou-call-it Benedictus.

Mr. PEGGNUTT had often seen yellow birds eating thistle seeds. Mr. GREENGRASS considered that an important fact, as it went to corroborate his experiments. Major MILKWARD had heard that in some places they grow spontaneously, though he could hardly credit it. The PRESIDENT said he had some seeds and cuttings of the thistle and also some horse sorrel and blackberry roots, which he would be happy to distribute among the members.

Mr. SALTWASH showed a chicken, weighing two ounces and a half, which had been hatched by a hen in nineteen days. Mr. VERDANT was anxious to know the color of the hen, as he had a theory which he thought would account for the short incubation. Mr. S. replied she was black. Mr. V. said that agreed with his theory and was a beautiful illustration of it; he would explain it. It was well known that black bodies absorbed more heat than light-colored ones; and it was also known that eggs were hatched by heat; and consequently, the blacker the hen the more heat she absorbed and the quicker the eggs were hatched. He had practiced this theory for some time, always allowing his black hens to set, and the result was that his chickens were invariably two or three days older than his neighbors, when he had not enough black hens he gave the white ones a coat of black paint, which answered the same purpose. General KNOWLEDGE said that would satisfactorily explain a fact he had often noticed, but had been unable to account for before, which was that geese took nearly a week longer to hatch their eggs than hens did he had always supposed it was owing to their being so much larger, but he was now convinced it was in consequence of their being generally white, or light-colored. Mr. BAGGS said that blue hens were considered the most prolific; he had read of one of that color that always laid two eggs on week days and three on Sundays, but, unfortunately, she had been stolen.

At this point Dr. OYSTERBAY, of Point No-Point, pleasantly remarked that, as they had had such a flow of soul, it was no more than fair that they should have a feast of reason, and accordingly he presented some of his own rasin, to which ample justice was done. Mr. FERNWALL followed the example of the Doctor, and handed round some dried huckleberries, which were pronounced excellent, as were also the dried apples and persimmons presented by Alderman PUMPKINUP; and the meeting shortly after adjourned, in great good humor.

The subject of the next meeting, we understand, will be manures.

Selected Articles.

EATING AND DRINKING IN THE UNITED STATES AND FRANCE.

Statements have recently been published by the Government of France, based upon accurate returns from every district in the kingdom, by which it appears that the annual average consumption of the whole population, men, women and children, is as follows:

Wine, brandy, beer, cider, and perry, one pint per day, or 46 gallons per annum, say	365 pints.	
Meat,	pounds,	38
Wheaten bread,	"	220
Rye bread, potatoes, and all other vegetables, equivalent to wheaten bread of the weight of		114
		360 pounds.

It would thus appear that, taking a pint to be the equivalent of a pound, the consumption of liquors of various kinds is almost equal to that of solid food.

The middling and wealthy classes, however, eat much more than the average, and consequently the laboring classes must eat much less, and yet that average is but little over one pound per day. Of this, but little more than one-tenth consists of meat, which is consumed chiefly by the wealthy, and thus, small as is the allowance of the laborer, scarcely any portion of it consists of animal food.

The middling and wealthy classes consume less drink than the average, and consequently the laboring classes must consume more than that average. We should, therefore, be disposed to believe that the consumption of drink by the latter must considerably exceed that of food.

Of animal food, the whole consumption of a population of thirty-four millions is but the equivalent of six millions of barrels of pork, whereas the United States, with a population of only twenty millions, raise annually about thirty millions of swine, each of which is more than the equivalent of a barrel of pork, independently of the vast amount of cattle and sheep; and the whole export of animal food, large as it is, constitutes but a very minute portion of the quantity produced, showing how enormous must be the consumption when compared with that of France.

The consumption of vegetable food, of all kinds, in France, is but the equivalent of three hundred and forty-two pounds of wheaten bread per head, which will be given by six bushels of wheat, or perhaps less. This would give for the thirty-four millions of the population but the equivalent of two hundred millions of bushels of wheat, whereas the United States raise annually nearly one thousand millions of bushels of grain, independently of the vast amount of potatoes and other articles of vegetable food; and of all this, nearly the whole is consumed at home, the export being trivial compared with the product; and yet the population by which it is consumed is but little more than half of that of France! Such being the case, it is a matter of wonder that the people of that country do not follow the example of their neighbors, the Germans, and content themselves almost bodily to their our land of milk and honey. That they do not must be owing to their excessive poverty, the evidence of which is before us, in the fact that the food which they can command would hardly be deemed, in this country, sufficient to support life.

We have thrown these ideas together hastily, with a view to call the attention of our readers to the facts, in the hope that some one of them may be induced to furnish us with a more accurate comparative view of the consumption of the two countries—of liquids and solids. We feel disposed to believe that France, allowing even for the difference between whiskey and wine, exceeds the United States at least three times in the consumption of the former, and that the United States exceeds France, taking into view the proportion which animal bears to vegetable food, four, five, or even six times, in that of the latter.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Humorous Poem.

BE NOT OVER NICE.

Young gents, if you don't wish to be,
For remnant of your years,
The thing that Franklin used to call
A "half a pair of shears,"
Pray let me whisper in your ear
A word of good advice—
Don't think to find PERFECTION here,
And be not OVER NICE.

Take warning by my cousin Jack,
Her is his pretty looks;
Oh, how I've teased and talked to him,
And tried to make him wed;
But he is so PARTICULAR,
So coy of all the fair,
He'll be a blue old bachelor
In spite of all my care.

One is in height a mountain oak
A second like a rush;
A third has got a mammoth foot;
Another's none in mush.
One cannot brew, or bake, or sweep;
Another cannot play;
Another's always in the sulks;
Another quite too gay.

Miss A good dough-nuts cannot make;
Miss B is said to paint,
Miss C is wilder than the winds,
Miss D too much a saint;
Miss E is careless in her dress,
Miss F is too precise,
Miss G is prone to take Scotch snuff,
Miss H is fonded of dice.

Miss I is silent as a doll,
Miss J a perfect parrot,
Miss K has flaxen colored locks,
Miss L's are like a carrot;
Miss M is always looking grum,
Miss N forever giggling,
Miss O is stiffer than a stake,
Miss P is loose and wriggling

Miss Q would as wintry ice,
Miss R too fond of fawning,
Miss S has got defective teeth,
Miss T was caught a yawning,
Miss U for eyes has got an owl's
Miss V a pair that squint,
Miss W's temper's cold as war,
Miss X's steel and flint.

Miss Y is past a certain age,
Miss Z a thoughtless miss,
And so with all some fault be finds,
Nor fancies that or this.
He's managed so with all the girls,
That they are all provoked
And sure I am that ne'er he'll be
With any maiden yoked.

So gents, I pray you take good heed—
Avoid Jack's grievous errors,
And soon you'll find that pretty girls
Are chill ne more in terrors.
And when you meet a sparkling eye,
With soul and feeling lighted,
Remember that it speaks a hint
Which may not well be slighted.

Choice Selections.

PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS.

Strange as the declaration may appear at the first view, it is nevertheless true, that the history of Napoleon's rule in France has illustrated some of the noblest principles of Democracy. Though his iron hand and warlike ambition broke through all the restraints of established government and law—though in his mighty and bloody career he trampled under foot the rights and liberties of the people—yet his magnificent genius and proud knowledge of mankind lifted him to the comprehension of some of the highest views of human destiny. He is the first great conqueror and ruler who discovered and appreciated the truth, that merit rests not upon rank alone—the first who carried into practical operation the philosophic view of the immortal Burns

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Thus we see his eagle eye penetrating the darkest corners of society, among the poorest and most forlorn, snatching the jewel of talent from the very dunghill—levying contributions to the glory of the nation, upon all classes of society, and selecting his highest and most trustworthy officers from the common walks of life. And well did the result prove the wisdom of the principle, and the sagacity of his choice. Of his long roll of glorious marshals, we believe that more than two-thirds rose from the ranks. To what they rose we all know. And a host of heroes and warriors, such as the world never saw before, collected around that matchless man; their glory paled before his alone! Let us examine some of their early histories.

Augereau, the intrepid victor of Arcola, who led his column three times over the causeway and bridge of Lodi, raised by the whole artillery of the Austrian Army; who, at Castiglione, at Eylau, and other places, displayed such rare courage and coolness—was the son of a grocer, and entered the army as a common soldier—retired from it in disgust, and set up school as a fencing master; and when war broke out again, enlisted in the ranks, and rose to be a marshal at thirty.

St. Cyr, the firm and immoveable, the accurate and methodical officer, who dared to think for himself, and to differ even from the great Emperor—whose brilliant courage and strategy at Ulm, at Polotsk, at Brierbach—whose cool and scientific defence at Dresden, well justified the high confidence of his commander—was born the son of a poor painter, and was already bound to the trade of his parent, when his restless spirit drove him into the army as a common soldier. He rose rapidly, until, in a few years he became successively general and marshal.

The daring, the resolute, the glorious Lannes—the "Orlando" and the "Ajax" of the army—the hero of Montebello, of Lodi, of Marengo, of Saragossa—was the son of an humble mechanic, and was apprenticed to the same trade by his father. But he ran away from his master, and enlisted in the army as a common soldier, where he soon forced his way upward. Indeed, his noble qualities advanced him more rapidly than his military qualities justified. In his earlier career, it is said, he could not be trusted with an army. "But," the historian remarks, "he learned the duties of a good leader very fast;" and Napoleon says of him—"I found him a dwarf, I lost him a giant."

Mouney, too, the honest, brave, and faithful marshal who stood by his commander in an adversity more trying than the shock of battle, was the son of a lawyer, who, at the early age of fifteen, deserted the peaceful pursuits of his father, to enlist as a common soldier.

Old Soult, too, who now fills the very highest post in the French Government, and who still more gloriously supported the honor of his country by his skill, resolution, and undaunted bravery at Austerlitz and in a hundred other hard fought battles, was the son of a notary, and, at the age of sixteen, deserted the dry parchments of his father, and enlisted as a soldier in the infantry. He rose gradually from private to sergeant, to lieutenant, adjutant, captain, major, chief of battalion, colonel, general, marshal, and first minister of France.

And Murat, the best horseman the world ever saw, whose countless blade, engraved with the words "Honor and Woman," achieved victory in a thousand bloody fields; was the son of a tavern keeper, himself an hostler by profession, entered the army as a common soldier, and soon rose to the highest honors of the Empire.

Lefebre was born in the most abject poverty, and after serving fifteen years as a common soldier, became a sergeant, and subsequently rose to be one of the firmest and wisest of Napoleon's band of heroes.

Masseena, the hero of Genoa, of Rivoli, and innumerable other fields, to whom the great Emperor, in one of his hardest straits remarked—"I consider you equivalent to ten thousand men"—was a friend less orphan, and driven into the army by necessity; soon rose to be a sergeant, and from that went through all the other military grades.

Victor was a private in the artillery at fifteen.

Oudinot and Ressieres were of the humblest origin, and joined the army as privates.

Bernadotte, the sagacious, far-sighted, and indomitable pupil of Napoleon, who subsequently became his conqueror, rose from a common soldier to be a marshal of France, and afterwards to be king of Sweden.

Suchet, the masterly disciplinarian, was the son of a silk manufacturer, and rose from a private in the ranks.

And lastly, "the bravest of the brave," the Chevalier Bayard of the century, the transcendant Ney—he, before whose towering plume whole battalions and regiments sunk in dismay—"the rear guard of the grand army"—was the son of a cooper and by his indomitable courage forced himself up from the ranks to the most glorious distinction a soldier ever attained.

And now, with these illustrious examples of the wisdom of the democratic principle, we ask why is it that, under our Republican Government alone, an opposite doctrine and practice prevails in our Army? Why is it, that the lowest commission is denied to the most worthy private in our Army? Why is it that, whilst in all the other ranks of life talent can and will find its way, in the Army alone the soldier is told to "fling away ambition;" that he can never rise above the rank of Serjeant Major?—*New Orleans Delta.*

EXPLANATION OF THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

This important discovery is one of the most remarkable of modern times, and in its progress will doubtless be productive of many highly interesting and beneficial effects which few are prepared to anticipate; and as a brief description of it cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers, we have condensed, from a popular writer, a few general hints respecting it.

The *camera obscura*, it is generally known, is a contrivance for delineating on a white ground a living picture of whatever objects may be presented to it. The *daguerreotype* fixes this pictures indelibly upon the surface of a plate, previously prepared for the purpose. The plate consists of a thin leaf of copper, plated with silver, both metals together not being thicker than a card. The object of the copper is simply to support the silver, which must be the purest that can be procured.

Before the plate is placed in the camera there are certain operations to be performed.

1. The surface of the plate should be made perfectly smooth, or highly polished. For this purpose it must be laid flat, with the silver side upward, upon several folds of paper for a bedding; and having been well polished in the usual way, the surface must be powdered equally and carefully with fine pumice. Then a little cotton wool, dipped in olive oil, must be rubbed over the plate. A small portion of cotton must now be moistened with diluted nitric acid, and applied equally to the whole surface. The next thing to be done is to make the plate equally and thoroughly hot, when a white coating will be observed on the silver, which indicates that that part of the operation is finished. An even cold surface is next wanted, such as a metallic plate cooled almost to the freezing point by mixture of soda, and to this the heated plate must be suddenly transferred.

2. The next operation is to give the plate a coating of *iodine*. This is accomplished by suspending it over a dish with iodine divided into small pieces. This process should be conducted in a darkened apartment. The requisite time for the condensation of the iodine varies from five minutes to half an hour. When this process is satisfactorily accomplished, the plate should be immediately fixed in a frame with catches and bands, and placed in the camera; and the transference from one receptacle to another should be made as quickly as possible, and with only as much light as will enable the operator to see what he is doing.

3. The next operation is to obtain the drawing. Having placed the camera in front of the object to be represented, and the lens being adjusted to the proper focus, the ground glass of the camera is withdrawn, and the prepared plate is substituted for it, and the whole is left till the natural images are drawn by the natural light from the object. The time necessary to leave the plate for a complete delineation of the object depends upon the intensity of the light.

4. Immediately after removing the plate from the camera, it is next held over the vapor of mercury, which is placed in a cup at the bottom of a box, and a spirit lamp applied below till the temperature rises to 140 degrees of Fahrenheit. This process is intended to bring out the image, which is not visible when withdrawn from the camera.

5. The next operation is *to fix the impression*. In order to this the coating on which the design was impressed must be removed, to preserve it from being decomposed by the rays of light. For this purpose the plate is placed in a trough containing common water, plunging and withdrawing it immediately, and then plunging it into a solution of salt and water, till the yellow coating has disappeared.

This new science or art has been distinguished by different names. It was first called *Photography*, from two Greek words, signifying *writing by light*. It was afterwards called the art of *Photogenic drawing*, or drawing produced by light. M. Daguerre, the discoverer, gave it the name of *Helinography*, or *writing by the sun*. All of which appellatives are derived from the Greek, and are expressive, in some degree, of the nature of the process. The term *Daguerreotype*, however, is generally made use of, derived from the name of the discoverer.—*Literary Register.*

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE L. E. L.

On the other hand, in mixed companies, witty and conversant so she was, you had a feeling that she was playing an assumed part. Her manner and conversation were not only the very reverse of the tone and sentiment of her poems, but she seemed to say things for the sake of astonishing you with the very contrast. You felt not only no confidence in the truth of what she was asserting, but a strong assurance that it was said merely for the sake of saying what her hearers would least expect to hear her say. I recollect once meeting her in company, at a time when there was a strong report that she was actually though secretly married. Mrs. Hofland, on her entering the room, went up to her in her plain, straightforward way, and said, "Ah! my dear, what must I call you?—Miss Landon or who?" After a well feigned surprise at the question Miss Landon began to talk in a tone of merry ridicule at this report, and ended by declaring that as to love or marriage, they were things that she never thought of. "What, then, have you been doing with yourself this last month?"

"Oh, I have been puzzling my brain to invent a new sleeve; pray how do you like it?" showing her arm.

"You never think of such a thing as love?" exclaimed a sentimental young man, "you who have written so many volumes of poetry upon it!"

"Oh, that's all professional, you know!" exclaimed she, with an air of merry scorn.

"Professional!" confounded a grave Quaker, who stood near—"why, dost thou make a difference between what is professional and what is real? Dost thou write one thing and think another? Does not that look very much like hypocrisy?" To this the astonished poetess made no reply, but by a look of genuine amazement. It was a mode of putting the matter to which she had evidently never been accustomed. And, in fact, there can be no question that much of her writing was professional. She had to win a golden harvest for the comfort of others as dear to her as herself; and she felt, like all authors who have to cater for the public, that she must provide, not so much what she would of her free-will choice, but what they expected from her.—*W. Howitt.*

TO WHO! TO WHO!

FROM THE NINEWARES.

'Twas on a cold autumnal night,
A dismal one to view;
Dark clouds obscured fair Venus' light,
And not a star appeared in sight,
As the thick forest thro'
MUDGIN—as usual—"blue,"
Best humored "darling" left and right;
When all at once he "brought up," right
Against an old dead yew;
At which he "sounded so,"
And "squaring off," as if for fight,
Said, with an oath I shan't indite,
"——Infernal scoundrel you!
'Light—an' I'll lick you—black or white!"
Just then above him flew
An Owl, which on a branch did light,
A few feet o'er the bumpy weight,
And then commenced "To WHOO—
TO-WHOO!—TO-WHOO!—TO WHOO!"
Quoth Muggins—"Don't you think to fight
A fellow of my weight and height
With your TO WHOO THE WHOO,
You cursed bugbear!—
An' of you're Belzebub, it's quite
On-necessary you should 'light—
For Muggins aint your 'due,'
My money matters are ALL RIGHT!—
THE PRINTER'S PAID UP—HONOR BRIGHT!"
Thereat the Owl winked,
And Muggins minded too.
But there are OTHER chaps who might
Be caught out late some dismal night,
WHO HAVEN'T PAID WHAT 'S DUE!"
They know—TO WHOO—TO WHOO!

MEXICAN PEONS.—In Mexico there is a regulation known as the "Peon law," which holds the poorer classes in the vilest bondage, and leaves them nothing save the name of freemen. If a poor Mexican becomes indebted to his wealthy employer, the creditor has complete control over the person of his debtor, till every cent of the debt is paid. The wages of the Peon are fixed by law at so low a rate that it is impossible to relieve himself by labor, and consequently there is no termination of his bondage till death removes the letters with which poverty and the law have encompassed him.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Three primies glow with flowers,
Their groves are tall and fair;
The mocking-bird with music fills
The fragrant morning air.
And yet I pine to see
My native hill once more,
And hear the sparrow's friendly chirp
Beside its cottage door.

And he for whom I left
My native hill and brook,
Alas! I sometimes think I trace
A coldness in his look.
If I have lost his love,
I know my heart will break;
And haply they I left for him
Will sorrow for my sake.

Fun and Frolic.

A YANKEE PEDLAR.

See here, mister, don't you want few boy something' in my line new day? I've got a new machine for picking beeses out of fishes. Now I tell you it's a leetle the darndest thing you ever did see. Science, you know, is great, and the world is great, and the Atlantic Ocean is great, and the whale is great, but science is greater than all of them; it's bigger than a meetin' house—it takes in all things—it explains parables that will tell you where to find the gizzard in a codfish; it makes the wonderful diskiveries; *Kolumbus* made out tew diskiver "*Cape Cod*," and by the aid of his second cousin, "*Ephariim Cheam*," made out tew diskiver "*Amerika*." Wall, now the people all thought that are was somethin' wonderful, but I tell you this here machine for pickin' beeses out of fishes, beats anythin' there is a gean.' All you have tew do, is to set it on the table, and turn a crank, and the fish fiies rite down your throat, and the beeses rite down t'other way. Wall, there was a country "greenhorn" got hold on it t'other day, and he got a turnin' the crank the wrong way, and I tell you, the way the beeses flew down that ar feller's throat couldn't be beat; why it stuck the feller so full of beeses, that he couldn't get his shirt off for a hull week.

WHO SMELLS NOW.—On a fish-woman's stall in front of Boylston market, (Boston,) last season, a few live lobsters were exposed for sale. A stranger, unacquainted with Yankeeism, came along—and turning over the dormant "animals," asked the price; at the same time raising one of them to a close proximity with his nose.

"Where?" said the fellow—"I'll bey you prosecuted, mum—*it smells!*"

At that instant, the lobster's claw closing with a "whack!" fastened it firmly upon the gentleman's nose!

The old woman placed her arms a kimbo, in triumph—and simply asked the gentleman, with a chuckle—"*who smells now, mister?*"

FULL MEASURE.—A Quaker alighting from the Bristol coach, on entering the Inn, called for some beer, and observing the pint deficient in quantity, thus addressed the landlord:

"Pray, friend, how many butts of beer dost thou draw in a month?"

"Ten, sir," replied Boniface.

"And th